CHARLIE CHAPLIN TELLS THE AMAZING TRUTH

MovieWeekly

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Is Saint or Sinner more Popular on Screen ?

What Paris Meant to Me
by
Betty Blythe

Betty COMPSON

DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

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Coming

Wanted:

A male screen star, young and good-looking, with legs that would look well in tights and who could make love beautifully.

This was the substance of a Want Ad that was put into circulation through all filmdom by Miss Norma Talmadge, for her forthcoming screen production of "Romeo and Juliet."

Norma wanted a Romeo for her Juliet. The plans and specifications were exact and as heretofore stated. He must be good-looking, with nice legs and a wonderful capacity to make love.

The position has been filled. Miss Talmadge has found her Romeo, as will be revealed in next week's issue of Movie Weekly. There you will read the complete inside story of how Norma found the man to play opposite her when she appears on the screen in the immortal role of Juliet.

On the news-stands Thursday.

DON'T MISS IT!

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What Paris meant to Me

by BETTY BLYTHE

Famous screen beauty *returns from abroad* and *tells what she thinks* of *Paris*, its *women* and its *styles*

An interview with Gladys Hall

BETTY BLYTHE has been abroad, as every fan tried and true must know . . . but what is more, and even apart from pictures, Betty has been abroad to advantage. Which is to say, that she has brought home with her from post-war Europe, things not censorable by the Custom House officials. . . .

We have known, in our time, many voyagers in 'furrin' lands, oh, most of them stars, of course! And most of these voyagers have bored us to the death-point of suicide when they have meticulously detailed their travels to us. We have felt that we would get more satisfaction out of an evening spent in perusing the totally unimaginative Mister Baedecker.

But Betty didn't bore us. Quite the contrary. Betty should, in fact, write some European memoirs. They would have sparkle, which is more than we can say for most such blurbs. Europe quickens Betty's imagination. Translated into her somewhat vivid vernacular, the old world stirs and even winks a wicked eye. Dynasties and Kings, the mistresses of Kings, banquet halls and rooms of jewels, DuBarry and Pompadour, the Kaiser and the German situation, Vienna and its beautifully formed women, Berlin and its degeneracy, Paris and its . . . (deleted by the Board of Censors), all come to modern, saucy life filtered through Betty's lively imagination.

SHE has talked with Dukes and Lords, slept in the palaces of Kings, played before the curtain autographed by some Rex or other when Mozart gave his first great concert, breakfasted in Versailles, where the sky is early-Italian blue, and listened to intimate gossip anent the Prince of Wales, beloved of all England.

A cosmopolite of the most delicious sort has become our Betty.

She told us gruesome tales of "the unhappy Hapsburgs" . . . one particularly poignant anecdote having to do with a son of the tragic line who fell in love with a young girl, was forbidden to marry her and, upon pressing the issue, found out that the girl he loved was his illegitimate half-sister . . . at dawn of the day following this revelation, the two were found in the palace garden, shot through their hearts. Things like that.

She told us of the jewel room in the palace of the Kaiser, I believe, where the walls are solid masses of turquoise and chalcedony, tortoise and pearl, amber and chrysopase. "There is enough wealth in that room," said Betty, "to support all of Germany for a year." She added, with a naive Betty-touch, "It looks as though hell had coughed!"

Can you beat *that* for a graphic description?

Betty told us that she saw nary a hungry, dirty child, nor a skinny dog in all of Germany, that the men treat the women "simply awful," and that the whole place is "mathematical." "If," said Betty, "you should start to walk to the right and should suddenly be seized with a whim to go to the *left*, there'd be nothing doing! You'd have to keep on going to the right, willy-nilly.

THE Germans all hate the Kaiser, she told us, and the only motion picture stars they seem to know anything about are Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan, always excepting the passionate Pola, whom they hate with somewhat the same intensity they feel toward Wilhelm. In fact, Pola and Wilhelm are the only two celebrities NOT welcome in Germany.

Betty says that Vienna is quite, quite different. There, all is light, life and love. Delicate. Delicious. Delirious.

And London! Ah, the English are, for Betty, the best of all! Such manners, says Betty. Such courtesy. Such leisurely living of life.

And now Paris. Like all good tellers of tales, Betty and we, or is it we and Betty, reserve the "kick" for the last.

But Betty has a new point of view about Paris. It is no longer a city of violet vices and spiral sins and bird-like women with aigrettes and white gloves, of dapper men with waxed mustaches, of Apaches and Maxim and the Boule, Boule Boulevarde!

"Paris," says Betty, "is Americanized."

Sabristi! Think of that!

It is all different now, she says. all Americanized. "One cannot ever," she told us, "change the underlying spirit of Paris. That will, I think, always be the same. But the beautiful body of Paris is altered and different. It is com-

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"The men," said *Miss Blythe*, speaking of *Paris*, "have grown taller and more serious. The women are different, too."

Charlie Chaplin

Charlie Chaplin, who wrote, directed and produced *"A Woman of Paris."*

A dramatic scene from *"A Woman of Paris,"* with *Edna Purviance*, *Carl Miller* and *Adolphe Menjou*.

Famous screen comedian* gives exclusive interview to *Movie Weekly* and tells what he believes the *movies of tomorrow will be like

By T. Howard Kelly

SLOWLY but surely the tremendous force that has been responsible for the most sensational and epoch-making revolutions in human history is gathering striking power within the magic realms of movieland. It is the same force that inspired the rugged peasants of France to storm the Bastile . . . the same that filled the liberty-loving hearts of our Lexington and Concord Minute Men in '76! This force, springing from an inherent human urge to break bonds and yokes that deny freedom of thought and action, is irrepressible when it bursts into action. Movie fans are destined to see such a force at work in picturedom at an early date.

This is the astounding news that Charles Spencer Chaplin gave me a few days ago. In all of the world of silver make-believe, I do not know of any one person whose viewpoints on the future of the motion picture industry are more important, more accurately analyzed and logical, than those offered by the world's premier comedian—a small, soft-voiced man, who makes millions laugh, while oftimes there are pangs in his own heart.

"Nothing less than a revolution can bring the art of picture entertainment to a point where it will prove of maximum importance as a tremendous medium of drama. The intelligence of motion picture audiences all over the world is not to be trifled with any longer. Our theatres are not supported by grown-ups with the minds and imaginations of children. The flower of American citizenship pays its way into the modern screen theatre, and entertainment of the highest order must be provided or the future of the movies is doomed," declared Charlie.

"You say the force necessary to kindle the fires of revolt against the present kind of screen entertainment is already gathering impetus?" I asked him.

Charlie Chaplin, serious and far-removed from the shuffling-footed character of the pictures, answered without hesitation that the proof of this existing force has been at hand for the past two years. It is written, he said, in the outstanding triumph of a score or more super-pictures which have been created by sheer concentrated effort on the part of film folks who realize the industry must be pioneered away from its present beaten path to a new objective.

"We must produce pictures that tell stories with all of the dramatic artistry possible. But we must not force drama as we have been doing simply to inject sensationalism into situations and scenes. There is hardly any doubt but that all of us realize ninety-eight out of a hundred movies today are cut from a standardized pattern.

"FOR instance, how often do you see, or even hear of a film that ends unhappily? The producer's answer to this argument is that the fans demand a happy ending. I admit that it is natural for humans to favor a story which ends happily, because it leaves a pleasant mental reaction. But it is false to all principles of honest drama and story-telling to deliberately manufacture endings or situations which do not properly belong to a play, picture, or story. When we do this we are no longer true to Life."

"But, Mr. Chaplin, if the people want the present type of screen entertainment, which I admit is produced according to certain given quantities and qualities of a tested formula, is there any use in trying to give them pictures of a higher order? Is there any use giving them unhappy endings, if the happy ones send audiences away with a desire to come back for more picture entertainment?"

Charlie Chaplin did not answer me for several moments. His dark eyes were looking out of the windows of his luxurious suite at the Ritz-Carlton. But evidently Charlie was not studying the

Predicts A Revolution In Movieland

Charlie and *Edna* in the days when they were in comedies together.

skyline of New York. His eyes held a faraway look, as if he were both dreaming and thinking into the future of his chosen art. At last he said:

"Mr. Kelly, the fans apparently want this present type of motion picture entertainment, represented by a never-ending parade of program, or everyday pictorial melodrama. I say this with emphasis on the word 'apparently.' In other words, we must assume they do, because we see them accepting it. But so far there has been no real way to prove that the fans would not be better pleased with films which represent the acme of dramatic entertainment. In all ventures there must be pioneers . . . those who are willing to set out on unknown trails and discover the truth of things. I, for one, have just completed what I consider a pioneering effort in my picture, 'A Woman of Paris.'"

Here is a graphic example of what Chaplin means when he says that his new picture represents a sincere effort to get away from the obvious sort of drama that is being offered the public today. In one scene, which introduces a man who is brought into the Paris woman's life without any explanation as to his position in her scheme of things, Chaplin has deliberately cheated the title writer of creating explanatory words such as the following:

"Henri Mingnot—a man whose lucre paid heavily for the lips and time of Mademoiselle Marie."

How did Charlie do it? Merely by exercising a bit of dramatic subtlety. Charlie had the rich man enter the demi-mondaine's gorgeous apartment in a very casual sort of way which precluded a chance of recognizing him as the keeper of a mistress. Suddenly while in the drawing room, Monsieur discovers he has no sign of a handkerchief about his suave, immaculate figure. There is no excited outburst . . . no bewailing of his forgetfulness. Monsieur calmly struts into Mademoiselle's room, goes to a wardrobe chest, opens a top drawer and draws out two of his linen handkerchiefs.

Edna Purviance, who plays the leading feminine role in *"A Woman of Paris."*

Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*," a picture showing *Chaplin's* comedy method.

This act instantly established his position in Mademoiselle's household. He is the man who pays the bills . . . who keeps the wolf away from Mademoiselle's door! Tra-la-la!

You see, there was no need, ever, of using a sub-title to explain. Drama, simple but effective drama, turned the trick!

THERE never has been a successful revolution in any phase of life unless the movement was a spontaneous act on the part of those engaged in it. If only a scattered group of Frenchmen had rebelled against the rule of a king, France would not be a republic today. If New England alone had taken up arms against what was termed tyranny, there would be no Statue of Liberty holding aloft the torch of Liberty today in New York's great harbor.

The revolution in motion picturedom which Charlie Chaplin believes is imminent, and which he sincerely thinks is a necessity if screen entertainment is to reach its highest objective, may be in the stage of crystallizing now for a blow. There are ominous mutterings and rumblings sounding through the industry to indicate this. A number of pictures produced recently confirm and substantiate the meaning of these rumblings and mutterings.

A revolution is due! Make no mistake about this. The signs are already manifest. The sounds are audible. The handwriting is already shadowing the wall!

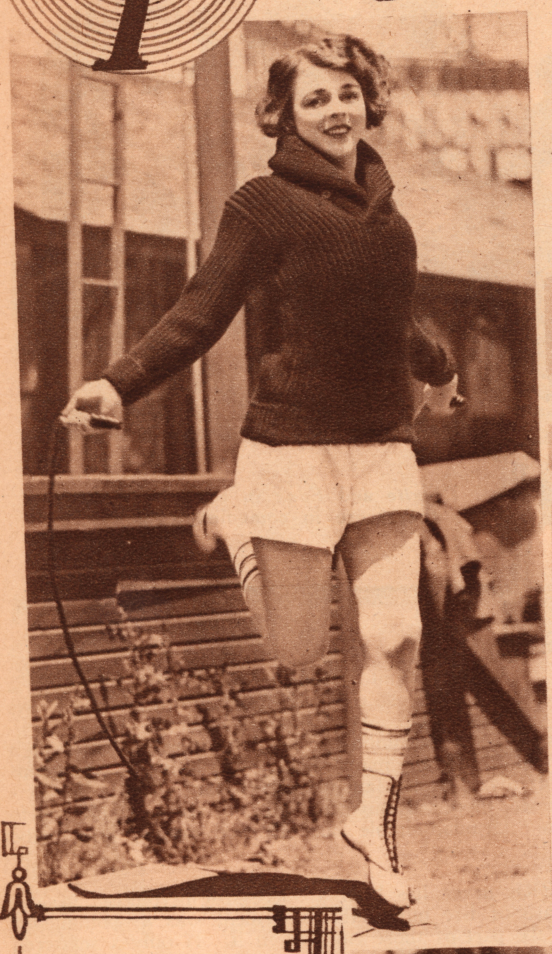
But——

Will it be successful? Will this be a popular revolution? Will it be a triumphant revolt like the ones of French and American history? This is the question that is most important to those of us who look to the silver screen for entertainment, education and amusement. For an answer, we can only turn to the opinions of those who have their fingers on the pulse-throb of the motion picture audiences, and to the experiences of the past and present in regard to picture successes. One thing, however, is undoubtedly certain. The revolution predicted by Mr. Chaplin must enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the majority of fans, or it will go down in records as an unexecuted gesture.

Will Hays, looked upon as the logical head of the motion picture industry, has been heralding the coming of the "better" picture era for a long time. He says that its arrival as a fixture on the silver screen is assured because it is demanded by the intelligence of movie audiences. By the "better" picture, I understand Mr. Hays to mean the film which is produced with conscientious regard for dramatic qualities—a film that is not the

(*Continued on page* 30)

They're all Good Sports -- In the MOVIES



Helene Chadwick got roped into having her picture taken and this is the smiling result.

When *Jane Novak* steps out on the tennis court, as in "*The Lullaby*," there's a "net gain" of one beautiful girl. Who wouldn't go a-courtin' when *Jane* is there?

"Always keep 'em at arm's length," says *Doug*, as he demonstrates with *Evelyn Brent*.

If a miss is as good as her smile, then *Priscilla Dean* should be one of the very good kind.

Tom Mix goes hand-in-glove with any kind of athletics, especially baseball.

Is Saint or Sinner more popular on Screen? "Sinner!" says Alma Rubens

Charming film star** discusses **public's taste** for **unconventional heroines** and tells why it likes 'em **wild

An interview with Regina Cannon

WHEN you sally forth to your favorite movie theatre and part with your hard-earned coin at its box office to see the latest feature fillum, what sort of heroine do you prefer portrayed therein? Do you like best to see the Pollyanna, with the baby stare and the Elsie Dinsmore personality; or the wild, wicked woman, who has the DuBarry technique down to perfection and whose background is colored by all shades of red? Do you prefer to see the reflected image of the Menace of Main Street, better known as the Village Vamp, for entertainment; or the Sweet Girl Graduate, who does the neatest hemstitching at the Saturday Afternoon Sewing Bee?

We decided to ask Alma Rubens, who played a good girl in "Humoresque," and a very bad one in "Enemies of Women," just what type of woman the public likes to see on the screen.

Alma, who has been answering all sorts of trick questions since she made her screen debut several years ago, looked a bit startled when we asked without preface:

"Is a saint or sinner more popular on the screen?"

When she recovered her composure, she promptly answered, "Sinner!"

"Why?" we gasped.

"Well, in the first place," she began, "they're more interesting—the so-called sinners, I mean. What is duller than the goody-good type? Maybe she is sweet, but so are chocolate fudge and cherry pie—sweet and deadly for a steady diet. Besides, there is no such thing as a real saint on the screen or off, and if there was, I'd suspect her."

"Here, here," we commented, "look us over and stand corrected."

"Seriously," said Alma, "there would be nothing so interesting as a really bad woman on the screen. The public would adore her. That's why they don't put her on."

We confess we were perplexed. "But there are bad women on the screen," we insisted.

"No, indeed," returned Miss Rubens emphatically, "the sinners of the screen are not real sinners. It's all, to use a slang expression, hokum. If a low-cut evening gown, jet earrings, a Spanish comb and a cynical smile make a 'bad woman,' then I'll grant that there are a few cinema sinners. But props, sets and wardrobe cannot 'get over' successfully to the public the fact that the woman surrounded by them is wicked. To be cast for a vamp is not a question of morals, but of make-up—in the movies."

Alma passed us a cup of tea and some pink cakes.

"Seriously," said *Miss Rubens*, "there would be nothing so interesting as a really bad woman on the screen."

We resumed our questioning:

"Why don't they put a real, honest-to-goodness bad heroine on the screen then?" we asked.

"They're afraid to," returned Alma with conviction. "The producer and director are afraid to try it, and the actress is afraid to portray the type. The actress, incidentally, is under a constant strain and worry every moment she is working. She keeps thinking: Will the fans like me if I smoke a cigarette? They might think I do it off the screen as well as on. If I take this man from his wife and children in the picture, they might think my favorite pastime off-screen is that of a home-wrecker. What am I to do? Then she asks the director to let her, if possible, be naughty but *nice*. Oh, it's awful business," sighed Alma, "this constant striving to please."

"Well, movie stars should worry," we commented, "as long as the public continues to like screen sinners, even as they're portrayed now, though they're only *reel* sinners."

Alma stirred her tea slowly and remarked, "You know, after all there's no such thing as a really bad woman, I guess. I mean, either on or off the stage. There is some good in everyone. I knew a girl once who was supposed to be wicked. She went to parties, was the gayest one there, was happy-go-lucky, and once in a while she'd do or say something to shock her friends. Of course she gave the impression of being a bit too gay, but there was nothing bad about that girl, really. She had a heart of gold. Anything she had she divided with a friend. And yet there were people who called that girl 'bad.' Yet, if she were portrayed on the screen just as she was in life, there wouldn't be a person in an audience who would accept her for a bad woman.

"SO, as long as the popular conception of a bad woman is the vamp who leads the husband from the hearthstone and a quiet evening with his pipe and carpet slippers, to the bright lights and music of the cabaret, we'll have to give them just that kind of a bad woman. They like it, and after all, quoting the slogan of a big department store, 'We aim to please!'"

"How about the woman you played in 'Enemies of Women?'" we reminded. "She certainly had no saving graces."

Alma immediately took the defensive.

"The Duchess de Lille was not all bad by any means," she declared. "If you remember, she had a great love for her son. She was willing to sacrifice everything for him. When she was in his room, she could pray. He really kindled the one decent spark in her. You know, even the worst of us have some little good hidden somewhere in our natures. It may take the 'still small voice'—conscience—to bring it out, but nevertheless it's there to be brought out.

"It's a strange thing," continued Alma thoughtfully, "we can all defend ourselves before people, but when we are alone with our thoughts and we have done something wrong, our conscience will not let us have a peaceful moment."

"Don't you think," we asked skeptically, "that after a while one can stifle the Voice of Conscience?"

"Never," returned Alma. "It's as difficult to shake off as tar pitch. It turns up when one least expects it and makes life miserable. Why do you suppose people who have hidden a secret for years finally confess it? They can't stand the tauntings of their conscience any longer.

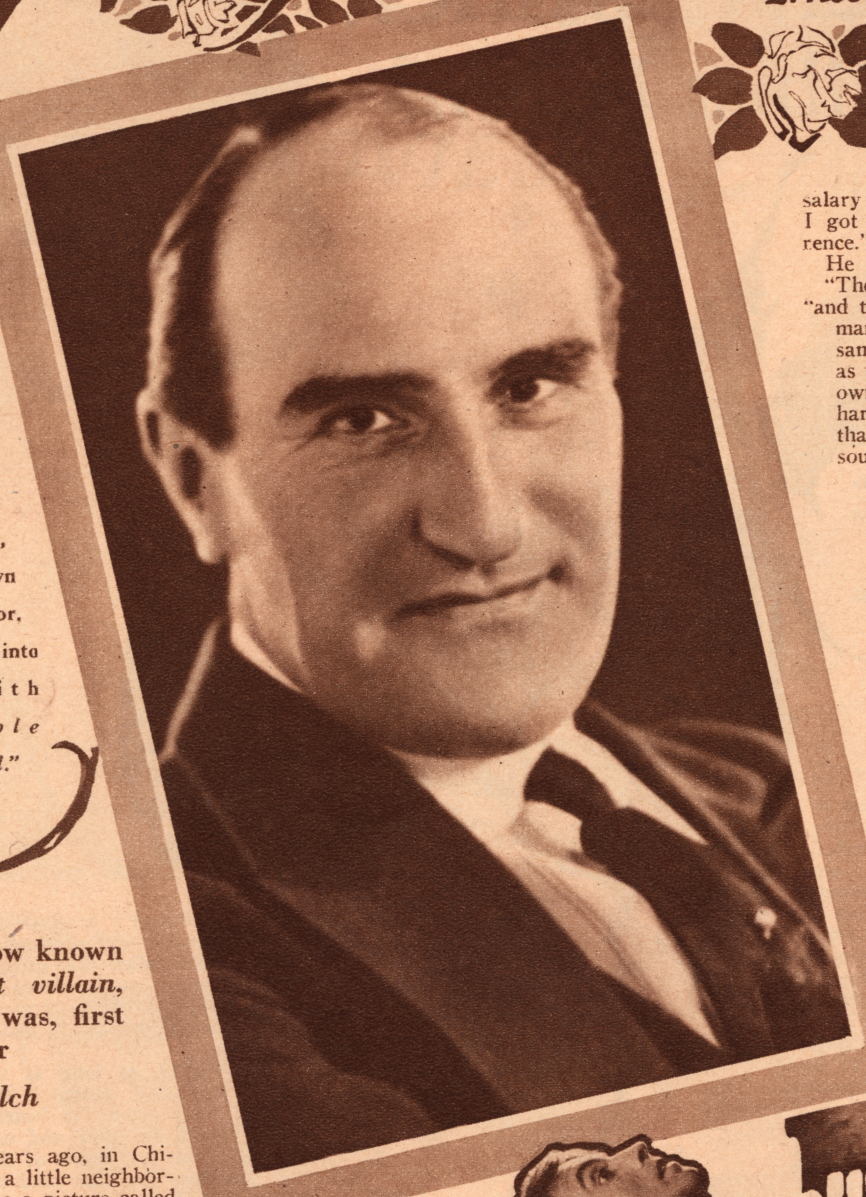
"So the moral is," laughed one of the cleverest actresses on the screen, 'Be good. It pays.'"

And that's Alma's story and she's going to stick to it!

They told me I was

said Ernest TORRENCE

Ernest Torrence, well-known screen actor, who leaped into fame with *"Tol'able David."*



But the man who is now known as the *screen's finest villain,* demonstrated that he was, first of all, an actor

By David A. Balch

ONE night about two years ago, in Chicago, we went over to a little neighborhood movie house to see a picture called "Tol'able David." We went largely because we had known the man who wrote the short story from which the picture was made and we were anxious to see just what sort of a movie it would make. We shall never forget that experience. It constituted for us the best movie entertainment we had ever seen and projected a new personality into the screen scheme of things that was as memorable as it was striking. The personality of Ernest Torrence!

In "Tol'able David," Ernest Torrence played a villain, the most ferocious, wolf-like individual that we had ever seen on stage or screen. The memory of its stark brutality is poignant. It was at once the last word in the fierce, the brutish, the terrible. And the other day, when we met Ernest Torrence for the first time, we thought that we had never known a man who was so gentle in his nature and so benign.

"Yes," he said in this connection, as we salved a couple of camp stools and placed ourselves in a quiet corner of the Famous Players' studio lot at Astoria, Long Island, "they told me for years that I was nothing but a comedian and that I was not suited for any other sort of part."

We sighed gently. As one grows older, the instances of this sort of thing seem somehow to multiply. Or one notices them more. Yes, he was a comedian, and we recalled having seen him as such in a musical play called "The Night Boat." But we never at this time had seen him in anything else that we remembered.

"And then," he went on at length, "I got the opportunity with Henry King, the director, in 'Tol'able David.' I don't think I'm saying too much when I say it *made* me."

"It made the picture," we murmured, as we followed Glenn Hunter out of the tail of our eye, through the harrowing vicissitudes of Guy Plummer in "West of the Water Tower," the picture in which Mr. Torrence is playing. "And then, once a villain," we at length observed drily, "we dare say it was just as hard being anything else afterward."

Mr. Torrence laughed softly.

"YES," he agreed, "I've had to fight to convince them that I could do both—in spite of my stage career when, in New York, at least, I was nothing else but a comedian.

"You may know," he continued, "that I acted for years in England before I came to America?"

We nodded.

"In those days of traveling repertoire companies," he went on, "my salary was ten dollars a week. Later, when I got raised to fifteen, I married Mrs. Torrence."

He chuckled quietly.

"They were lean years," he admitted ruefully, "and the sledding was pretty tough on a good many occasions. Mrs. Torrence was in the same company with me and received, I may as well tell you, about the same wage as my own. But we were happy in spite of all the hard times, and I've come since to believe that things like that are for the good of the soul. It seasons a man spiritually to be up against it on occasion, and gives him what Conrad called 'the divine quality of pity.' Without sympathy, the special faculty that enables a man to understand the feelings of his fellows, I do not believe any good work in the theatre can be done, and when I say the theatre I mean it in the larger sense that includes the screen, of course, as well."

HOW much, we felt, as we sat there, a young actor might learn from such a man as this. His had been a background that stretched away into the dark, musty theatres of small English towns that sheltered one-night

A dramatic scene from *"Tol'able David,"* with *Ernest Torrence* as the villain, and *Richard Barthelmess* as the boy.

"Just a Comedian"

stands, in which a man by very virtue of all he was compelled to do learned life and acting thereof at the fountain head. We were not an actor, but we felt we were learning things by the moment.

"But now," he resumed, "everything is easy, and it is the pictures that have made it so. Mrs. Torrence is with me always in my work, and do you know," he added with naive simplicity, "I couldn't work without her. After being together more than thirty years, it's become a habit that would be rather hard to break." And he smiled again.

WE WATCHED him, fascinated, in a way, by the gentle humanity of the man in whose very features dwells an abiding sense of serenity and kindliness. It was indeed hard to believe that this was the man who had played the villain in "Tol'able David." And then suddenly we remembered something.

"Weren't you," we asked, "in 'The Prodigal Judge?'"

We had seen the picture following the "Tol'able David" incident, but we had missed seeing the cast, and although we thought it was Torrence, we were never quite sure. He had been a villain in the former, wearing a ghastly make-up, whereas in "The Prodigal Judge," his role had been more or less straight.

He nodded, smiling.

"Well," we returned, "then you have given us one of our best moments in the movies. It was when you fell in the duel scene in 'The Prodigal Judge,' with Maclyn Arbuckle."

Mr. Torrence, as Mahaffy, the Judge's friend, had gone out at dawn, in the picture, to fight a duel which his old friend, the Judge, had provoked, and his death—the look of pained surprise and bewilderment on his face when the bullet struck his breast and his slow collapse to the ground, in which he sank first, then seemed to swim forward—was for us a thing of real genius in the art of acting.

"Well, well!" Mr. Torrence exclaimed with pleasure, after we had told him this, "you don't know how nice it is to have such things noticed by others."

"What do you want to concentrate upon?" we asked him, after he had left us for a minute to participate in a retake for a street scene from "West of the Water Tower." "The comic or the serious?"

"The serious," he replied without hesitation. "When they wanted to pigeonhole me as a 'heavy' after 'Tol'able David,' I kicked, and I kept on kicking until they gave me a chance at something else. Now, I want to blend the two, concentrating for the larger part upon the serious, which, as I see it, is the more important phase of the screen.

Another interruption followed that gave us a chance to chat for a moment with ZaSu Pitts and May McAvoy, who sat nearby, and plan a trip with them through Chinatown on a night later in the week.

Meanwhile, Junction City, the locale of "West of the Water Tower," lay before us in all of its small town charm and on its principal thoroughfare, surrounded by a Fourth of July throng of villagers, was the Mayor of the town making a speech from the back of an automobile. And then Mr. Torrence returned.

"You're leaving for the Coast tomorrow?" we asked.

"Yes," he replied slowly. "I'm going back to play in a new picture called 'North of Thirty-Six.' It's an Emerson Hough story, and I'm to be featured in it."

"You know," he went on after a time, with another patient smile, "Mr. Lasky thinks that I'm the homeliest man in the world. And he's always willing to cast me in parts where he considers this to be an asset to the picture."

Mr. Torrence bent his kind, dark eyes upon us in a look of earnest, searching inquiry, as though he were seeking the confirmation of that idea in our own opinion. But we do not agree that Mr. Torrence is the homeliest man in the world. We think that in his deep, gentle eyes and kind, patient face, there is a strange beauty, and that after meeting him and talking with him, one feels that the world, as well as motion pictures, is better that this man lives.

A dramatic scene from *"The Covered Wagon,"* with *Ernest Torrence* and *Alan Hale.*

Mr. Torrence as *Clopin,* the king of the thieves in *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*

Ernest Torrence and *Glenn Hunter* in a scene from *"West of the Water Tower."*

My First False Step Toward Screen Fame

The third fascinating instalment of *"The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios,"* in which *"Clownie,"* the girl, accepts a substitute for love

The story so far:

Reared in cheap theatrical boarding houses, "Clownie," the plain little daughter of a broken-down actress, came up from childhood with the great desire in her heart to be a movie star. And then she met a man—handsome and poor—who loved her and asked her to marry him. For the first time then, was presented to "Clownie," the decision that every girl must sometime make. Marriage or a screen career? Which was it to be? "Clownie" finally made her choice.

The illness of "Clownie's" mother makes it necessary for her to obtain employment as companion to a wealthy woman, whose husband becomes very attentive to her. One day she asks him to send her away, threatening to expose him to his wife if he refuses.

THE STORY CONTINUES:

I HAVE just said that "that was how" I got to New York. But as I look back on it, I realize that "that" wasn't exactly how I got there. In fact, I might not have got there at all if it hadn't been for Mrs. Y———. It was she who really precipitated the whole thing. It was she who really precipitated me—out of the house.

When I am asked, or when I *was* asked, for I really am not any more, to play "vamp" parts, I have to laugh. I can't do them very sincerely—that is, I can't do them sincerely as my various directors have told me to do them.

Vamps aren't Dark Women of Desire, with crows peeping over their insolent, bared shoulders, and scarlet flowers growing out of their infamous mouths. No—oh, no! Men would be afraid of such women as these. *Men are cowards.* Men are emotional cowards. If they met a woman of the most approved screen vampire type, they would run home to mama with a dismal howl and hide their heads in her apron. Wives never need fear the Scarlet Women.

The real vamps are sick women. Sickly women. Women who hold on to what is popularly known as a "man's vitals" by their tenuous, emasculate hands. Whiny women. Weak women. Puerile women. Fool women.

Or else they are the little "buds," as I was at that time. The Very Young Girls with glinty hair and baby-staring eyes and innocent mouths. Baby girls who look as though butter would melt in their cool young mouths.

Poor Mr. Y———, I suppose he had met any number of demi-mondaines, or even mondaines of the great Whole World, women of enamelled finish and diabolical desires—and he had escaped them all, without a backward glance. It remained for him, a really educated, cultured, rather charming man, to be undone by a weak idiot of a woman flopping around in an imaginary bed of pain and a hard little kid with a pretty body.

Mrs. Y——— had her skinny hands buried in his entrails.

That's not pretty language. It's foul language, but it was a foul situation. It's always a foul situation when sickliness of mind and body fattens and battens on strength and normalcy.

Anyway, about two weeks after I had discovered my predicament, Mrs. Y——— began to take a violent dislike to me.

I have never known what brought it about. I don't know whether Celeste told her. Celeste was, and still is, a fiend and a devil, but at that time I believe that the maid had her mercenary hopes fastened on me rather than on Mrs. Y———. I don't think she would have done anything to harm me—then.

Heaven knows Mr. Y——— didn't tell her. His soul shook within him whenever the subject was mentioned above a whisper.

It must have been her instinct. I hate to use the word instinct in connection with her, though. Instinct is rather a fine thing to have. But her instinct was like a rat, a lean rat, snooping and smelling out.

One day I went into her room at the appointed hour. For the past week, every time I had gone in, she had greeted me with an exclamation that was half a snarl and half a chuckle of horrid merriment.

And all the while I would be reading to her I could feel her eyes, set like asps in her painted face, boring into my soft flesh, burying themselves in my breasts and thighs and arms as though to poisonously probe me for my secret.

On this particular morning she told me not to mind reading to her. She said that Celeste was coming in to do a little something for her first, and that I might sit and talk with her. She asked me if I still planned to go away and be a movie actress. I said that I did. She told me to tell her how I thought I would go about it. I told her what I knew . . . sketchy plans enough. Of course I didn't dare to say to her that I was depending upon her husband to work the whole scheme for me.

While I was talking, Celeste came in.

Celeste carried a small glass in her hand and as I glanced at it, I noted that it held a tiny silver instrument. Celeste went over to the bedside and pulled away the silken sleeve that covered Mrs. Y———'s arm. She always wore long, heavy silken sleeves, Mrs. Y——— did.

AS CELESTE removed the sleeve, I saw with a pang of acute sickness, an arm jabbed like a badly punctuated paragraph with black periods. A swollen, hideous, repulsive-looking arm.

I felt faint and dizzy and swoony. The room was stiflingly warm. The heavy odors of lilies and perfumes mingled together and seemed at that moment to smite me in the face with their wedded, super-odorous breaths. I gasped a little.

As I did so, a vile thing happened. Suddenly Mrs. Y——— gave a yowl. That is the only way I can describe it. That is the way it comes back to me. Like the yowl of a horrid beast. She pushed Celeste aside just as she was withdrawing the needle from her arm and the needle ripped the lacerated flesh and the silken sleeve, dropping back again, was stained with uneven smears of blood. . . . For a moment neither Celeste nor I knew what was about to happen, and then Mrs. Y——— was upon me. Her thin, emasculated hands were at my throat . . . she was shaking me with a strength ten men could not have mustered . . . a thin, terrific strength . . . she tore at my hair . . . at my face . . . at my throat and breasts . . . she tore my clothing and I heard my blouse splitting with little shrieks . . . "You little rat . . . you little street rat . . . You . . ." and then she trailed off into a torrent of abuse too vile for me to write down, too vile, alas, for me ever to be able to forget. I heard Celeste screaming . . . "Mr. Y———! Mr. Y———! For God's sake, Mr. Y———!" and to my horror I perceived that she had left the room. To my terror-struck brain her receding footsteps did not mean to me that she was going for help, but only that she had run away and left me alone with this . . . this THING!

"You're going to have a baby . . . eh . . .?" The she-devil was still mauling me, still gripping my throat . . . I began to lose consciousness . . . "You're going to . . . you're going to . . ." The last I heard was a series of hideous laughters . . . and then I went down into nightmare blackness . . .

WHEN I awoke, I was in a room I had never seen before. A strange man in a white coat was bending over me. Celeste was standing at the foot of the bed, also clad in starched white and looking pale and frightened.

I looked up at the man. "Who are you?" I asked.

"A doctor," he said, and smiled at me, reassuringly and very gently, it seemed to me.

"What . . .?"

"You're *all right,*" he said, again reassuringly, again gently.

"You mean . . .?" my eyes registered then, I think, the most expressive question they have ever known.

"*Yes,*" he said.

I turned my head away and began to cry. "You

mustn't excite yourself, you know," he said, "if you don't, if you will sleep and be very quiet, you can get up and go away in a few days. You will go away more quickly if you are very quiet."

"Where am I?" I asked, then I looked at Celeste. "Celeste," I cried, "am I still . . . here?"

The doctor took my hand and spoke very soothingly. "You are on the third floor of Mr. Y———'s home," he said. "Nothing can harm you. You are quite safe. Celeste is going to sleep in the room with you and there will be a night nurse. In two or three days you can be moved and then you are to go to New York. Please do just as I tell you and I promise you that you will be quite safe."

He made me drink a half glass of something and he sat by me until I dropped off to sleep.

WHEN I woke again it was dark and a night-light was burning in a far corner of the room. Celeste sat by my bed and under the night light sat a nice-looking young woman in blue and white, reading.

"Celeste," I whispered, "tell me where I am."

"You're up on the third floor, Miss," the maid said. "When you were taken ill, Mr. Y——— had you brought up here. He sent to the next town for the doctor. You're all right now. Don't worry any more."

"But where . . . where is *she?*" I asked, and shuddered.

"Oh," said Celeste, "she's safe enough. She's got two nurses down there with her. They're guarding her every second. She can't get away. I think they'll take her away in a day or so. They'll have to put her in an asylum."

"Is she crazy?" I asked.

"She's a dope fiend," Celeste said, "and it's driven her crazy now."

"You mean she takes drugs?"

"I'll say she does!" Celeste said, "though I didn't know it when I took this place. That is, I knew I had to give her some now and then, but I thought she had been through a severe sickness and was just taking it to quiet her pain. I didn't know how bad she was until I'd been here a few weeks, and then I didn't know she was as rotten bad as she *is*. She's a rare one, all right—all right. Oh, she's a regular one, that thing!"

"Celeste," I whispered again, *"how did she know?"*

"Don't ask me," Celeste sniffed, "those dopes are the canny ones. They seem to have second and third sight. For all I know, she may have been prowling about at night and seen him kissing you. She may have spies employed. There's no devilment they're not up to. She may not have known at all, she may just have tried to trap you. Well, it's an ill wind, Miss, I always say! She's done you a good turn, all unwitting, and she's plumb crazy now and can't do any further damage. No one'd believe a dope on a stack o' bibles. Hush, now, there's the nurse coming over. She'll give it to me for talking so long."

I went to sleep again, with the uncanny impression that Celeste was thoroughly enjoying herself.

I STAYED in bed for five days, and not once did I lay eyes on Mr. Y———. One morning Celeste came up with a great bunch of jonquils in her hand, and as she fixed them in the vase, she winked at me and said, "See what I've brought for you!" I knew that Mr. Y——— had sent them.

On the fifth day, when the nurse went out for her walk, Celeste told me that when I was reported out of danger, Mr. Y——— had gone to New York. On the way back, she said, he had stopped off to see my mother and had found that she could leave the sanitarium in another week. It was all arranged, she said, that I was to go to New York at the end of the next week. She, Celeste, was to go with me. "But," I protested, "I can't afford you, Celeste. I don't even know when I shall get work. Thanks to the fact that Mr. Y——— has paid for my mother, we have about four hundred dollars left, but that won't last me long. I'm going to get some clothes and begin to go around to the studios and find work. I'll only be an extra girl first."

"Don't you worry about expense, Miss," Celeste said, with a wise wink. "*He* isn't going to lose track of *you*. And it'll be as easy as nothing at all, now. *She* was taken to the dippy house last night. Cook says she was pronounced 'incurably insane.' He'll be as foot-loose as any bachelor now, and easy pickings for the likes of you."

"Celeste," I said, firmly, "I want you to stop talking to me like this right now. There isn't any use in your going to New York with me, because I am NOT going to take Mr. Y———'s money and so I won't have any to give you. My mother would die if she knew of all this horrible thing, and she isn't going to know it if I can prevent it. Please don't make any plans to come with me. I mean it!"

. . And there was *Reggie Nye.* I knew there was trouble here!

I felt suddenly and strongly calm. I felt more sure of myself than I had ever been. And I felt more sure of how I wanted to do things. Not *this way.* If I hadn't learned my lesson, who had? The old biblical admonition that "the wages of sin is death" came to me there. I had been spared death. Should I invite it again?

Besides, I hoped that I would forget it all. The very thought of Mr. Y———'s face brought a wave of nausea to me. The idea of having to see Celeste constantly before me was obnoxious. Why, I would always see her lifting up the silken sleeve of Mrs. Y———'s dressing gown. I would always connect her with horrors. Sometime later on, I had occasion to connect her with them again, but that is much later on . . .

That same night, suddenly, Mr. Y——— came into my room. As he came in, the nurse went out. I suppose she knew the whole history of the case. I think she must have thoroughly disapproved of me. She seldom spoke to me, excepting when it was necessary. She performed her duties efficiently and mechanically, no more. I didn't blame her then. I don't now. The atmosphere was drenched in nastiness.

MR. Y——— drew a chair to my bedside. He looked years and years older. His hair was heavily streaked with white and the little bags under his eyes drooped down like weighted tear-ducts.

"I'm very sorry about this, my child," he began. "Words are poor things to tell you how I have felt. In my way, I have paid far more heavily than you, for you are the victim and the victim can assuage her own pain by the thought of her own injury. The whole thing has been hideous and horrible. A terrible thing for a child to have endured. You must loathe me and my whole household, everything about me. Of course you do. It is looking at me there, out of your clear, still pure eyes, as unmistakably as if it were written in words.

"Don't be afraid of me any more. Only a fool never learns. I have learned. Really. I should like to send you to New York, with your mother and Celeste. I have located an apartment for you. You will be quite at liberty, under no compulsion of any sort or kind from me. I shall simply be paying you an obligation I shall owe you all of my life. I shall simply be making a due reparation for an enormous wrong. Won't you believe in me, even at this late hour? I am going abroad. My wife is in an asylum. My business affairs are such that they do not require me. I have nothing here. But if I could feel that you were protected and cared for and safe, I could go with a little less misery at my heart. Perhaps you are too young to recognize sincerity, when it comes on top of villainy. Perhaps you can't believe that the ogre has turned into a kindly god-father. Poor child, if you can't, I shall be afraid that I have bruised you irreparably."

HE SAT quite still for a long while and I tried to find the right words to say to him. I wasn't too young to understand him. I did know that I had nothing further to fear from him. And I couldn't quite explain why I couldn't do what he asked me to do, but I knew that I couldn't. I had to be free of the whole affair. I couldn't breathe if I felt his presence about me, however remotely. I could never feel clean and whole and myself again until I was broken off from him, in every way.

"I believe you," I said at last, inadequately enough, "but I can't take anything from you. I don't know why, but I can't. I want to get away. I want my mother. I want to work. I want . . . I even want to be poor again. It's—nicer!"

He didn't try to persuade me much further. He simply said that he would make our traveling arrangements for the following Monday and that

(*Continued on page* 24)

D. W. Griffith to Film American History

Noted producer for the screen will join hands with *Daughters of Revolution* and create historical film masterpieces

By Charles E. Dexter

THAT part of American history which is nearest the heart of true Americans is to be transferred to the screen by the greatest of American directors, D. W. Griffith, who is to produce as his next venture a film based on the American Revolution.

Mr. Griffith has already given the world historical records of several of the high lights of the past, notably the Civil War, in "The Birth of a Nation"; ancient Babylon, the period of Christ and that of the struggle in France between the Huguenots and the Catholics, in "Intolerance"; the French Revolution, in "Orphans of the Storm"; and the Great War in "Hearts of the World."

This new picture promises to be the greatest of Mr. Griffith's career. Its production now comes really as the result of the incident which resulted in the sudden break between Al Jolson, the comedian, and Mr. Griffith. Mr. Jolson, as related in a story in Movie Weekly, was signed by Mr. Griffith to appear in his next picture. A company was assembled and rehearsals were begun. Suddenly, because of the terrific summer heat at the time, and because of the strain of overwork, Mr. Jolson, taking passage to Europe, quit the company. Mr. Griffith was unable to find anyone to take his place and so was forced to choose another story for production.

At the request of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mr. Griffith turned his efforts toward finding a story which would illustrate that period in our history which the society was formed to commemorate—America's successful struggle for independence and the foundation of the Republic.

A scenario was quietly prepared and approved by Mr. Griffith. He began work without any public announcement during the last week in August, in the hope of taking some summer scenes before the quick advent of frost.

The cast already assembled includes Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton, both of whom appeared in "The White Rose," and Frank McGlynn, who is famous for his portrayal of the role of Lincoln in John Drinkwater's drama, "Abraham Lincoln." In accordance with the usual Griffith custom of keeping secret details of a picture until it is completed, it is not known what parts Miss Dempster and Mr. Hamilton are playing, but Mr. McGlynn has been cast for the historic character of George Washington.

Possibly for the first time in the history of motion pictures, public pressure will have played the largest part in the creation of a film masterpiece. The new Griffith picture came into being directly as a result of co-operation between the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which Will H. Hays is the head.

MRS. ANTHONY WAYNE SCOTT, president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Mrs. Charles White Nash, New York State regent, requested the making of the picture. Mr. Hays concurred and consulted with Mr. Griffith, who is a member of his association.

When Mr. Griffith received the suggestion, he immediately responded to the possibilities of such a picture. He indicated that the picture would first show the America of today and then in relation to the America of 1776.

Thus the picture will show many of the famous historical scenes which are familiar to every American school child. For example, there will be shown the beginning and the causes of the war for independence both here and in England; then the outbreak of the American Revolution with the massacre on Boston Common and the Tea Party in Boston Harbor. Paul Revere's ride lends itself to picturization, as well as the battlefields of Concord and Lexington, which are to be filmed on the actual location of these clashes. The Nathan Hale drama will also be shown.

George Washington, the dominating figure of the period, will also dominate the action. The picture will show his acceptance of the commandership of our army, his disasters at Fort Washington and Fort Lee, his magnificent stroke at Trenton after crossing the ice-filled Delaware, his tragic winter at Valley Forge and his final triumph over Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence and the actual beginning of the American Republic will form the background for the concluding episodes of the picture.

When you recall Mr. Griffith's knack of getting into the hearts of those who view his films, you will realize how fine an undertaking this picture is, and with what interest its production and screening will be awaited.

Certainly it will be one of the most worth-while productions ever filmed, not only from the standpoint of the artistry which Mr. Griffith always injects into his pictures, but also because of its educational value.

What a difference it will make to the children learning history, for instance, if they can go to the movies and see the historical episodes in question presented on the screen.

And it is such pictures as this that form the greatest argument in the world in defense of the movie—in case movies should need defending.

Ivor Novello and Mae Marsh in a scene from "The White Rose," Mr. Griffith's most recent picture.

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How many ways are there to Kiss?

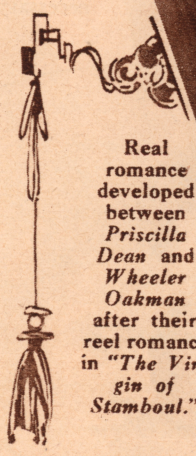
Latest survey **shows that** ***osculatory methods*** **number** ***57 different varieties*****—Here are some of them**

By Alma M. Talley

Ruby Miller and *Warner Baxter* demonstrate the art of osculation in *"Alimony."*

HOW many kinds of kisses are there? Did you ever notice, as you watched "The Passions of Pauline" in movies, how different the kisses were from those in "Mother's Your Best Pal?" Just not the same kind of caresses at all! Some kisses, for instance, the censors might weep over, and others they would put their foot on at once. That's just how heartless some of those censors are—putting their foot on a kiss!

But the motherly kiss, for example, or the fatherly one—there's no harm in a kiss like that, say the censors. A nice chaste peck on the brow, or some such harmless place, would make the censors nod with approval, or weep with joy, or whatever the censors do to express such emotions as they have. That's the kind of pictures they like, those like "A Mother's Love Shall Save Her." Hooray, say the censors!



Real romance developed between *Priscilla Dean* and *Wheeler Oakman* after their reel romance in *"The Virgin of Stamboul."*

Then there's the caress which we might call the "puppy love kiss." A bashful boy kissing a girl for the first time, when they are both about sixteen or so—or would it be about twelve? Little shy outbursts of affection. No harm in that, the censors doubtless figure, except that, like the bottle of olives—after the first kiss the rest come easy.

Then there is the "duty kiss"—a husband very much bored with his wife, kissing her good-bye in the morning, or vice versa. Their kiss is a matter of habit; it's lost its kick, you might say, but it keeps up appearances. The censors would glow warmly at such a spectacle—so domestic and conventional, just as it should be. A husband and wife sticking together long after romance is lost, keeping up the sanctity of the home. Very, very good, say the censors.

We might also include the brotherly kiss—much like the parental one, only perhaps more spontaneous and youthful, a naive burst of affection. And among the brotherly-sisterly kisses we might mention the kind where the girl says, "No, Frank, I don't love you in that way, but I'll be a sister to you," and she gets a fervent little peck on the cheek.

There are all these kinds of kisses, but none of them is the kind the censors regulate the footage for. It isn't necessary, the footage takes care of itself. The kisses that worry the boards of censorship are the kisses of passion, those that show us the lovers clutched in a mad embrace which concludes with the sub-title, "Then Came Dawn." Those are the kisses that make the censors tremble—with rage.

A pair of sweethearts may put as much fervor into their kisses, but of a different sort, inoffensive to the censors. Those are the fadeout kisses, the kind that all movies end with, if there is to be a happy ending. Often, the leading man and leading woman in the picture find themselves really in love by the time they have finished portraying love on the screen. A notable instance of this was the romance that developed between Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman, after their reel romance in "The Virgin of Stamboul." That was an instance in which the hero and heroine married and lived happily ever after in real life, as well as in the picture.

Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan had much the same sort of falling in love after playing together in "The Beautiful and Damned." There were several legal obstacles in the way of their getting married, but the report is that the wedding will take place at almost any time now.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS and Mary Hay fell in love while playing in "Way Down East." And there is the well-known case of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, his leading lady. It is quite natural, it seems, for reel romancing to develop into the real. A leading man and woman put themselves so much into their roles that when they kiss for screen purposes they put real emotion into it. Those are the best kisses of all, the kisses that are spontaneous and fervent at the same time, because they are actuated by true love. Surely no censor can object to kisses like that—kisses that mean love's young dream coming true.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are another couple who found themselves in love after making screen love to each other; another example is Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, Hollywood's newest newlyweds.

Then there is the famous case of Bill Hart and Winifred Westover, who fell in love while playing together in "John Petticoats"—even though the romance was shattered shortly afterward.

Yes, unquestionably kisses of the screen can be the real thing, when they become, as they often do, the kisses of true love.

The very best kisses of all!

"A Woman of Paris"

Famous screen comedian is revealed as author and producer — "*Scaramouche*," "*The Eternal Three*" and "*Lights Out*," among other pictures of the week reviewed

By Mary Jane Warren

"A WOMAN OF PARIS"
Something New in Pictures

Presented at the Lyric Theatre, New York, by Charles Chaplin, with a cast composed of Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, Carl Miller, Lydia Knott, Charles French and Clarence Geldert.

Edna Purviance and *Carl Miller* in a strong scene from "*A Woman of Paris.*"

Charles Chaplin, sans derby and cane, took a little voyage into serious drama when he wrote and directed "A Woman of Paris." Perhaps he did it as a bit of diversion—a sort of respite from his comedy antics, so that he could go back to slapstick with fresh enthusiasm. Or, perhaps he did it simply because he has the courage of his convictions and dared to depart from every stereotyped method of picture making. No matter what the reason—the fact remains that he has struck a new note and blazed the trai. for better pictures in the future. His picture, "A Woman of Paris," is so entirely different from anything we have ever seen in the movies, that we do not think it should be called a moving picture. It is a "bit of life," just as life is.

The story, a simple one, concerns (to quote Mr. Chaplin), men and women—just humans, not heroes or heroines. Men and women as real as life itself, not telling a tale, but actually living it. There is not an unnecessary gesture or scene in the whole film. No "atmosphere" is dragged in to color it. Each word, each turn of the head has its significance. Many important episodes in the story are not pictured or conveyed by titles. They are merely suggested in a very subtle manner and by this means Mr. Chaplin stimulates the onlooker's imagination. For instance, you know that Marie St. Clair has become the mistress of Pierre Revel by his simple act of walking into her bedroom and selecting a handkerchief from the drawer of the chifforobe, after he discovered, while he is waiting to take Marie to dinner, that he has forgotten one. There are many other scenes done in the same delightful manner.

We certainly are grateful to Mr. Chaplin. We sincerely hope that a good many of our directors will join his class and learn that life should be enacted just as life really is, and not by a series of chest heavings, horrible facial contortions and clenched hands. Somehow, watching "A Woman of Paris," you will feel that you are not watching actors and actresses, but that you are living life with very human men and women.

Of course, there may be some people who will think Chaplin's picture a bit tedious. It is devoid of manufactured thrills and action. However, we think that the few who will not be interested in this drama of fate will be very few indeed.

Edna Purviance as Marie St. Clair, a beautiful, rather superficial woman who is not sure of her heart, is satisfactory. Adolphe Menjou, portraying the suave, sophisticated Parisian, plays his villainous role with real art. The supporting players are quite convincing, and we think that Charlie Chaplin has added to his laurels with this excellent production.

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"SCARAMOUCHE"
Alice Terry Exquisite

Presented by Metro at the 44th Street Theatre, New York, with a large cast, including Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Lewis Stone, Lloyd Ingraham, Julia Swayne Gordon, Edith Allen, George Siegmann, William Humphrey, James Marcus, Willard Lee Hall, Lydia Yeamans Titus and Roy Coulson. Directed by Rex Ingram.

We are sure we would have enjoyed "Scaramouche" a great deal more than we did if it were not for the fact that we are weary of films depicting the gruesome scenes of the French Revolution. A few years back, when we sat through our first revolution, we were spellbound by its terrific force and declared it a great picture. "Scaramouche" has the same power and is undoubtedly a great picture; the finest thing Rex Ingram has ever done. Still, we are afraid the film-going public is a bit fed up on stories of France, written around the reign of Louis XVI.

"Scaramouche," like most Sabatini novels, is a fast-moving, red-blooded story with a handsome hero as dashing and courageous as the knights of old, and blest with the gift of fiery speech and a delightful sense of humor. He braves death for the freedom of his beloved France and the love of the fairest of women. It is filmed with accuracy, though a few changes were necessary in the transference of the

Alice Terry's rare blonde beauty is revealed in "*Scaramouche*," with *Ramon Novarro*

presents Chaplin in New Role

story to the screen. Rex Ingram has directed it smoothly and intelligently, and there are many sets that are perfect in their beauty. The mob scenes are good, but we often wonder if the French people of the lower classes in the Revolutionary days were really as savage and uncouth as they are pictured.

The serenely beautiful Alice Terry is exquisite in the role of "Aline." Never has anything set off her beauty quite like the soft laces and satins, the powdered wigs, and the elaborate settings of the old French period. Ramon Novarro is the fiery young patriot and her lover, though we were not quite sure of the latter until the last hundred feet of film. We thought Alice a bit stony in the presence of the man she was supposed truly to love.

Hobart Bosworth and *Claire Windsor* in a dramatic episode from *"The Eternal Three."*

Lewis Stone is, as usual, quite satisfactory in the role of the villainous dandy who so heartlessly crushes the poor of France, and cunningly contrives to win the beautiful Aline. Each time we see him we think he is a better actor.

"Scaramouche" is well directed, splendidly cast, the story is told in a forceful manner and we would love it—if it were not for the recurrence of that same old French revolution.

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"THE ETERNAL THREE"

The Old Problem of Two Men and a Girl

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, by Marshall Neilan, with a cast composed of Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Raymond Griffith, Bessie Love, George Cooper, Tom Gallery, Helen Lynch, Alec Francis and William Norris. Directed by Marshal Neilan.

Marshall Neilan knows life pretty well. He usually manages to get some very interesting sidelights on the world and its people in his pictures, and every now and then he displays a rare talent. However, we wish he had not tried to cope with the eternal triangle. The same old story of the man engrossed in his work, the young, beautiful wife, and the frivolous chap just waiting, and too willing, to entertain the neglected wife.

"The Eternal Three" differs just a bit here and there. Mr. Neilan has made the "other man" the step-son of the busy husband. And if ever there was a heartless, gay and brainless creature, it is the son, Leonard Foster, played by Raymond Griffith. He emerged from one affair only to become deeply entangled in another, and finally the rather sordid flirtation with his father's wife occurs. We were rather surprised at Neilan for using a time-worn episode in the development of the plot. That is when the son is hurt and the father, who is a great brain surgeon, struggles with himself as to whether he should allow a slip of the knife, and thus remove the menace to his happiness, or do his duty and save the boy's life. The conclusion is satisfactory, being the usual happy ending.

Hobart Bosworth is a splendid actor and does well as the wronged husband. At times, though, we wished he would be a little more restrained and not over-act to such an extent. Raymond Griffith, the son, reminded us of a jumping-jack. We do not think he walked nicely into a room once during the picture. He tripped, slid or hopped, continually giving a rather unsatisfactory imitation of Douglas Fairbanks. Claire Windsor is her beautiful self as the wife, and Bessie Love brings an appealing wistfulness to her role that is one of the best performances in "The Eternal Three."

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"LIGHTS OUT"

Another Crook Picture

Presented by Film Booking Offices of America, with a cast composed of Ruth Stonehouse, Walter McGrail, Marie Astaire, Theodore Von Eltz, Ben Deely, Hank Mann, Ben Hewlett, Mabel Van Buren, Fred Kelsey, Mary Fenwick, Chester Bishop and Max Ascher. Directed by Al Santell.

We never could understand what prompted producers to take an unsuccessful stage play and convert it into a movie. Occasionally the result is surprisingly good, but this rarely happens, so why take the chance?

"Lights Out," one of the most unsuccessful plays of the season, obviously has screen possibilities. It might have been an entertaining picture if it had been handled properly, but a strenuous effort has been made to get in a lot of humor and thrills. Near the climax it develops into a slapstick affair.

The story is one of crooks. "High Shine" Joe, "Hairpin" Annie and "Sea Bass." Annie and Joe rob a bank and Joe sneaks off to South America without sharing the plunder. Annie works with "Sea Bass" in an attempt to get even with Joe. They go straight and write a movie serial in which they use "High Shine" Joe as the central figure. Through the picture, Joe is arrested; "Sea Bass" turns out to be a secret service man and marries the now reformed Annie.

Hank Mann, Theodore Von Eltz and *Max Ascher* in a scene from *"Lights Out."*

HAROLD LLOYD
who is starring in
"Why Worry?"

HELENE CHADWICK
who is appearing in
"Law Against Law"

Agnes Ayres different from other Women, says DE SOLA

Character expert defines face of popular screen star and finds her "striking exception" to most of her sex

By Vincent de Sola

Agnes Ayres

CHARACTER READING: *This is th face of one whose natural trustfu ness has been transmuted to susp cion. A curious intuition is preser with a keen feeling for the oddi ties of character without an abil ity to summarize the main outlines of any individual. There is a broad sympathy present, but a marked desire for dominance. The features show a person capable of conquering self, of changing a trait through self-criticism. Sensitiveness, taste, and a touch of melancholy are in the nature.*

I HAVE in my time read a great many faces: some professionally, others personally, by mail and in a variety of ways. But I am perpetually astonished by the diversity of character in humanity. It would seem safe to echo the old platitude that no two people are alike. There are many types, many rough classifications and groupings, yet each individual seems to possess some peculiar differences due to different *accenting* of the traits that are common to all.

There is something in the face of Miss Agnes Ayres that I have not seen in the faces of any of the players of this series I have analyzed hitherto. I cannot call this a mere ability to conquer self, because that is a phrase capable of many interpretations. But it is, roughly, somewhat close to the characteristic I have in mind. I mean that her eyes, with their far-seeing indication, and the peculiar molding of her mouth, declare that she is capable of changing her own character to a marked degree. This trait, a rare one in men, is almost unknown in women, who seem as a sex to come into the world equipped with natures that are almost cast in an unchangeable shape. Miss Ayres is a striking exception.

Something of the placing of the eyes, as well as the brow formation, leads me further to state in this reading that she was born somewhat trustful, even credulous. Life and its experiences have tempered that, and due to an inability to pick out the main issues of a character and a situation, she has developed protectively a certain attitude of suspicion. I repeat that she is unable to see main issues, but I wish to shade that statement by adding the deductive analysis that she is capable of understanding little oddities of character, freaks of temperament and circumstances in a way that few can. She can put her finger carefully, and accurately upon a person obscure trait or note that would escape the attention of all others, even while she fails to understand the broad outlines.

"Miss Ayres," says de Sola, "is more tolerant of men and, particularly, of children, than of women."

She is somewhat concentrative, though this trait is not heavily underscored. She is at once practical and idealistic in her conception of things. There are tendencies in her face towards the domestic life, the felicities and sacrifices required by the maker of a home. Certainly she is distinctly maternal in type, and is more tolerant of men, and particularly of children, than of women.

I note in her face a certain gravity, even a touch of melancholy. Possibly she is given to brooding upon the past, for there is every evidence of a careful, reviewing mentality and a tenacious memory. Her lips declare her fluency, but it is an individual fluency, not a platform one. In public she would be inclined to be quiet; only to the individual would she reveal herself easily.

THERE is a very large sympathy in her lips, although certain brow formations tell me that this is reserved only for those who are willing to follow her or believe in her. She is somewhat independent and dominant in type, and she cannot understand readily a rivalry which questions her own rights. She is not one who looks upon individuals as being composed of good and bad equally, but rather classifies humanity as all good or all bad.

Her chin and jowls denote a certain love of ease. She would dislike purposeless energy, and hate to be hurried. Her capability rests upon thoroughness, and her thoroughness sources from a patience which is willing to take time and pains.

I should imagine her attitude, outside of her emotional sympathy for children, or for suffering, was not an easily changed one. In the firmness of her opinions she is somewhat restricted. But this does not interfere with her own ability to shape and change herself.

Her spirit is a generous one, and her humor is gentle in type. Things that are hostile to her she fights directly, never

(*Continued on page* 30)

"The Lullaby"

The story of a *mother's sacrifice* for her *daughter's happiness*

I.—When *Tony* (*Robert Anderson*) brings his bride, *Felipa* (*Jane Novak*) over from *Italy*, they share their little flat with *Tony's* friend. *Pietro* (*Fred Malatesta*).

II.—But *Pietro* casts amorous glances at the young bride, and when *Tony* sees him making advances to her, he shoots him.

III.—*Tony* is sentenced to death as a murderer, and *Felipa*, convicted as his accomplice, gets twenty years. Her *daughter*, *Antoinette*, is born in prison.

IV.—Her baby, when three years old, is taken from her and sent to an asylum, from which she is adopted by *Judge Martin*, who had sentenced her parents to prison.

V.—Seventeen years later, *Felipa* traces her daughter to the home of the judge, and goes there to claim her. The judge erplains that it would ruin *Antoinette's* future if she learned about her parents.

VI.—The mother turns sadly away when she hears *Antoinette* tell her sweetheart (*Otis Harlan*), that she cannot marry him.

Youth must have its Fling!

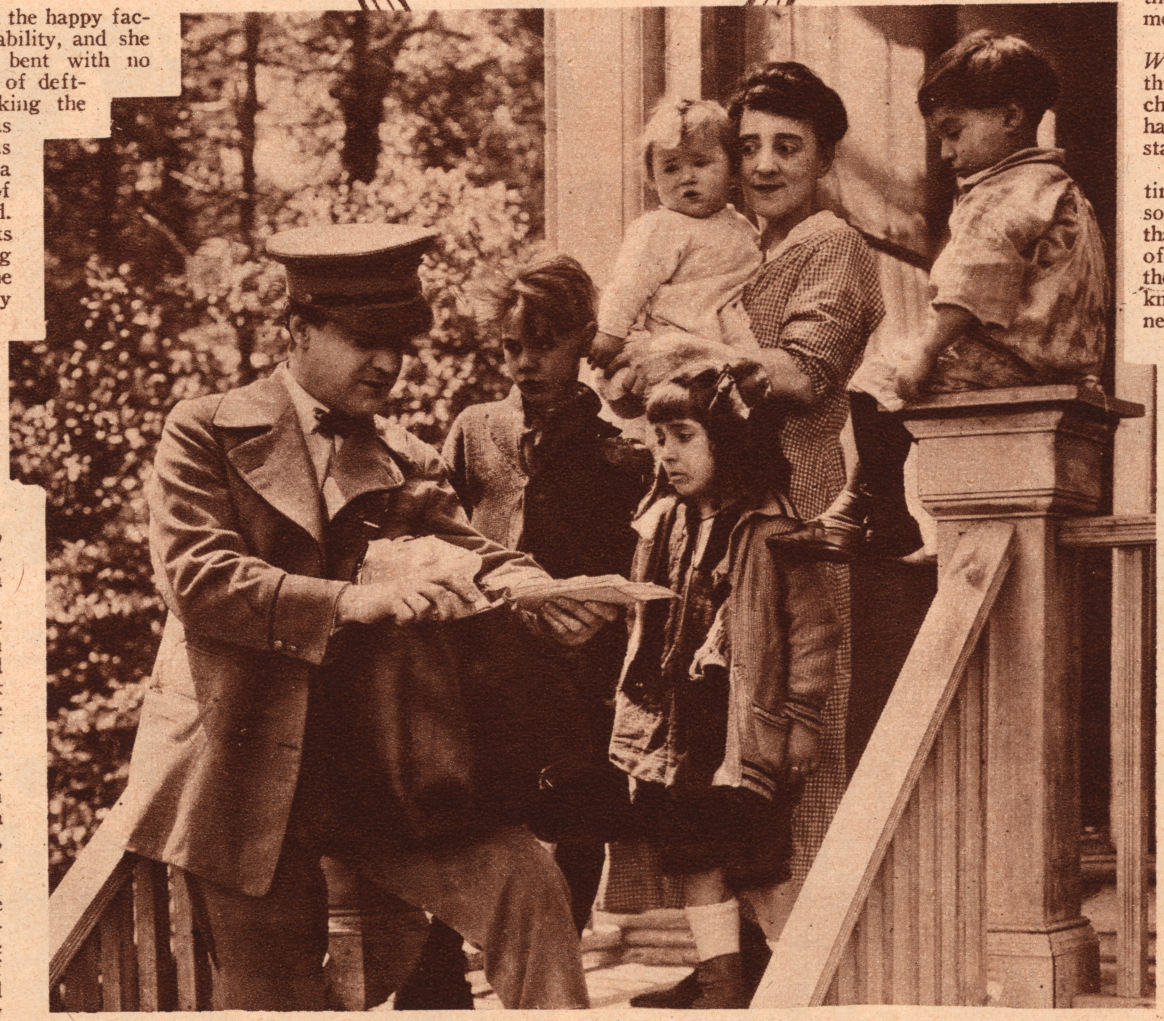
The second compelling instalment of "*Loyal Lives*," the *Whitman Bennett* photoplay. Fictionized from *Charles G. Rich's* and *Dorothy Farnum's* story

By Marjorie Damsey Wilson

The action thus far:

Patrick O'Brien, his wife, Mary, and their small son, Terrence, live happily together on his small salary as a postman. He is the essence of goodness and takes the greatest joy in distributing as much happiness as possible, in his daily rounds. He befriends Mrs. O'Brady, a poor old woman living next door to him, and writes letters to her, signing her son's name to them. One rainy night, as he hurries home from his route, he stumbles over a clothes basket blocking the kitchen door. He carries the basket into the house, and, upon examining its contents, finds that there is a little girl waif in it. The O'Briens decide to adopt the child.

Pat's arrival with the mail was awaited eagerly wherever he went.



MARY possessed the happy faculty of adaptability, and she directed this bent with no small amount of deftness and skill in making the motherless infant as quite at home as though she had been a natural born member of the O'Brien household.

The baby lifted its voice in a series of long persistent wails, the cause of which Mary interpreted instantly.

"Bless her poor little heart!" exclaimed the little one's newly appointed mother. "She's hungry—that's what! Aren't you hungry, you poor little waif?"

The infant's reply to the question was a convincing manifestation of its lung power.

Mary hugged the small bundled form close to her, and pressed her cheek against the pink face streaming with heart-rending tears.

"There, there!" she cooed. "We'll soon have some nice warm milk all ready for you, darling. Don't cry—don't cry——"

With Terrence close at her heels, she carried the baby to the couch in the corner of the kitchen, and plumping up a few cushions with her free arm, she placed her little charge in the midst of them.

"Terrence," she said, turning to her small son, "see that she doesn't roll off."

"Mus' I stay here all the time 'til yu're ready, mummy?"

"Yes, dear. Stay here till Mother has a bottle of milk prepared for your little sister." She stopped and kissed the lad's brow, wrinkled in profound thought.

"Is her my li'l sister?" asked Terrence. "For keep, mummy?"

"Yes, dear. And you must always take good care of her, and protect her."

Terrence's chest expanded a fraction of an inch as he replied, "I will, mummy—I'll take care of——" He frowned. "Mummy, what's her name? Mummy, she has no name, an' a baby's gotta have a name, hasn't it, mummy?"

"Bless your heart," laughed Mary. "She hasn't a name, has she? Well, she'll have one right soon, Terry boy." She turned around, expecting to consult Pat in the matter, but found that he was not in the room.

"Daddy must have gone upstairs to change his wet clothes," she observed. "But as soon as he comes back, we'll find a good name for your little sister, Terrence. And now watch her while mother warms some milk."

The baby stopped crying, finding a new interest in sucking its thumb with greedy little smacks.

Terrence dragged a chair to the side of the couch, and fell to viewing his brand new sister with sober interest, while Mary, in the pantry, filled a saucepan with milk.

As she placed it on the stove to heat, she called out, "Pat! Are you coming down soon?"

Instead of his voice answering her from some point in the floor above, she heard his footsteps hurrying down the stairs.

"Here I am, Mary," he called, from the foot of the stairs. And an instant later he entered the room, a sheepish grin on his face. He appeared to be hiding something.

"Oh, there you are, Patrick," smiled Mary. And then, in the same glance, she caught the somewhat guilty look on his face and the highly evident fact that he had not yet changed his wet clothing.

The smile disappeared from her face. Mary looked severe—that is, as severe as Mary could possibly look.

"What are you up to now, Patrick?" she scolded. "And you haven't changed your wet clothes. Look at you—drenched from head to foot. I declare, you're worse than Terrence. How many times must you be told to do a thing? You go back upstairs immediately, and change every stitch of clothing."

But Patrick didn't move. He merely stood, one hand behind his back, his grin growing wider with the passing of each moment.

"Patrick O'Brien! *Will* you go upstairs this minute and change, or—or will I have to take you upstairs myself?"

Then, for the first time, she noticed something about him that suggested an air of concealment, and the disclosure, she knew, would be imminent and climactic.

The corners of Mary's mouth quirked up in spite of herself.

"What is it, Patrick? What have you there, dear?"

Pat, still grinning, shifted his position, and cleared his throat.

"I thought maybe you'd be needing this, and so I looked through the trunk upstairs, and found it."

Awkwardly, he produced a bottle, from which Terry had not so long ago imbibed lacteal nourishment.

"Oh, you darling!" exclaimed his wife, rushing forward and flinging her arms about him. "To think you'd remember it!"

"You'll be needing it, won't you, Mary?" asked Pat, anxiously. "For her?" He inclined his head in the direction of the baby.

"Yes, I should say so. Right now, too. I'll have to sterilize it first, though. Here, dear. Let me have it."

She took the bottle from him, and washed it preparatory to its immersion in boiling water from the kettle. "There, that's fine," she said, rinsing the bottle carefully. "And now I'll have to look for some nipples."

"Y' needn't bother, Mary. I found some brand new ones wrapped up in a paper. I remember they were the last batch I brought home just

before Terrence started drinking out of a cup.

"Oh, that's fine, dear! Bring them over here, and I'll fix them up, too."

Pat obeyed the request. He handed Mary the small package. As Mary unwrapped it, she looked at Pat from the corner of her eye.

"Pat! Will you go upstairs and change your clothes? Do you want to take pneumonia? Don't think because you brought me the bottle and nipples, I'd forgotten about your wet clothes. Go upstairs *at once!*"

"All right," grumbled Pat. "But you might let me stay until you feed the little one. She's as much mine as yours, Mary." His face brightened at a sudden and new thought. "She's *more* mine than yours, Mary. I found her first."

His argument carried not the smallest weight with Mary.

As though he hadn't even spoken, she turned to Terrence, who was still wrapt in gazing on his charge.

"Terrence, take your father upstairs, and see that he changes his clothing. There's a good boy. If necessary, help him undress."

PATRICK suddenly became active. He fled from the room. And Mary, satisfied that her strategy had taken effect, smiled and turned her attention to the infant.

By the time Pat came downstairs again, the little one had been fed and was sleeping in warm, cozy content.

The three sat down to their belated meal, through the course of which they discussed the new member of the family from every angle.

"There's the little wooden crib in the attic," Mary suddenly remembered. "We'll bring it down to our room tonight, and fix it up——"

"I brought it down already," said Pat, concealing behind mouthfuls of food his secret pleasure at having stolen a march on Mary.

Then they discussed its name.

After discarding Sarah, Alma, Hortense, Elizabeth, Susan and Evelyn, they decided on Peggy.

Very well, then, Peggy it would be.

Terrence looked pleased.

"Piggy," he repeated. "'S nice, funny name. She eats like a littoo Piggy, anyway."

"Not Piggy, Terry," Mary corrected her son, while Pat choked on a glass of water. "Peggy, dear."

"Piggy," insisted Terry. And for the present, they let it go at that.

And tonight, while Patrick cleared away the supper things, Mary, accompanied by Terrence, carried the sleeping Peggy upstairs to tuck her away in the little wooden crib.

At the same time, she disposed of Terrence, but not too easily.

THE business of putting Terrence to bed was never a very simple matter, and tonight the process involved even new complications.

"I won't go to bed, mummy, 'less you lemme sleep in your room. You told me I must mind my sister Piggy, didn't you?"

Mary had to admit that she had given him such instructions.

"Well, then, how kin I, if'n I'm not near her?"

Mary had learned through a three-year association with her son, that it was, for the most part, a hopeless matter to find flaws in his logic. On this occasion she had to admit that it was quite impossible to play guardian to his sister if he wasn't near her. And so, with a smile on his face, young O'Brien found repose that night in his parents' bed, adjacent to the softly breathing form of Peggy.

After Mary had heard Terry's prayers, lowered the gas-jet, and stolen a last look at her daughter, she turned to the kitchen, and found that Pat was not alone.

He was deep in earnest discussion with Michael O'Hara, his pal and fellow-worker.

"Hello, Mike," greeted Mary heartily. She liked Michael. Everybody did. And besides, wasn't he Pat's best friend?

Michael, who had been talking excitedly, rumpling a shock of thick brown hair as he did so, arose as Mary entered.

"Good evenin', Mary. And how is the new little daughter?"

"Oh, has Pat told you?" Mary's blue eyes lit up happily. "She's a dear, Mike. You'll have to see her when she is awake."

"Yes, Pat told me all about it, Mary. And that brings me to what I was talking over with your husband just now. It's more important than ever that you should hear it, now that you've another mouth to feed."

In the heart of the great post office was assorted the mail which *Pat* later delivered at the door.

"Another money-making scheme?" asked Mary, smiling indulgently.

"Well, y' might call it that. Certainly, I hope it will develop into that."

"And what is it this time?"

Mary reached out for her mending-basket, and, seating herself in a chair near the table, drew forth a pair of socks at the toe of which gaped a large hole. She fell to mending it industriously.

Pat cleared his throat. "Mike was just talking to me about starting a mail order business."

"Yes," said Mike, excitedly. "Why go on carrying mail, when there's so much money to be made in going in for the writing and receiving of letters. We wouldn't need much capital to start out with. I have a little saved, and with that, added to what Pat puts up, we could start off very nicely. We wouldn't make much money at first, but in time we could show big results."

Mary looked up from her work.

"How do you know you could show big results in time?" she asked. But before Mike had time to reply, she added hastily, "Understand, Mike—I'm not trying to discourage you. I think it's fine—the way you're always trying to get on, and all that. And if you're willing to take the risk, I'm wishing you all the luck in the world. But that's not the point. Pat and I have often talked about his going into some other line of business—for himself, you know—to be his own boss. But we always decided against it, because it's wrong for a family man to risk his capital—and we haven't much of that, you know—on a money-making scheme that might—well, you never know whether it will succeed or not. You see what I mean?"

Pat nodded approvingly throughout her discourse, but Mike's fine grey eyes clouded with disappointment.

"YES, I know," he said gloomily. "Pat's just been telling me the same thing. Of course, in a way, you're right, Mary, but at the same time, there's just as much chance that we could make it go as not. I've studied the situation thoroughly. Read books and things on it, and it's one of the coming things. I wish you'd think it over, Pat. Maybe you'll change your mind."

Pat shook his head with an air of finality. "I'm afraid I couldn't see it, Mike, old boy."

"What does Lizzie think about it?" asked Mary.

Lizzie was Mike's wife, a stout, buxom young woman, with the tongue of a shrew, and a consuming desire to elevate her social status. She grieved incessantly over the fact that Mike was nothing more than a postman, and if she had anything to say about it—and she always managed to have a great deal to say about it—he wouldn't remain that much longer. No, indeed, not her husband. She wanted much more out of life than the wages of a postman could give her.

Mike grinned good-naturedly at Mary's innocent query.

"You ought to know by this time how Lizzie feels about—about my going into a business of my own. She's all for it. It's all I hear from her for breakfast, dinner and supper. Not that I blame her, bless her heart. She means it for my good, as well as Tommy's."

"——and for her own good, too," supplemented Pat, but not aloud. Somehow, he had always felt sorry for Mike's lot in the matter of his marital choice. She'd hardly be a woman of his choosing. But, then again, why should he worry about it? Mike seemed happy enough. And, as a matter of fact, he was happy with Lizzie. But somehow it didn't seem right to Pat that a man should be merely "happy enough" in his marriage. He should be supremely, ecstatically, thrillingly happy. That was marriage as it should be. As, for example, *his* marriage. But then, there was only *one* Mary. And, looking across the table at the charming cause of his supreme, ecstatic and thrilling happiness, Pat felt suddenly and deeply sorry for every married man extant (with the

(*Continued on page* 26)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Sauce for the Goose

Turn about is fair play. And if Doug Fairbanks, Jr., could get a job with Jesse Lasky, why shouldn't Jesse Lasky, Jr., get a job with Douglas Fairbanks?

That's how young Lasky seemed to think about it, anyway. He went to his father, not long ago, and told him he wanted to get into pictures. His father said, "Nothing doing," or words to that effect.

"Well, dad, if I can get a job without using your name, may I do it?" pleaded the boy.

"Why, yes," said Lasky, Sr., never dreaming his son would be able to do it.

But the boy did! He went over to the Fairbanks studio, and without telling his real name, applied for a job as extra. Nobody paid any attention to him at first; but he persisted, and, sure enough, he landed a few days' work. Somehow somebody found out who he really was.

Now it turns out that the boy really has talent, and has a chance to make good.

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Mildred Davis Plays an Extra

After all, Mildred Davis didn't wait for the consent of her husband, Harold Lloyd, to return to the screen! And yet there is not a bit of trouble over it in the Lloyd household.

It all happened this way. Lloyd was going to use a lot of extras in his current picture, and one day Helen Ferguson happened to be calling on Mildred.

"Let's do up our hair a new way, put on veils, and go over and get a job in Harold's picture!" suggested the lively Helen.

That was something Mildred's mischievous spirit responded to right away.

So the girls fixed themselves up, went over to the studio, and got the job.

"I tried to flirt with Harold," said Mildred. "I had on a black wig and a dark make-up and wore a thin veil, and he didn't know me. But he didn't wink back when I winked at him, so our domestic happiness is still intact."

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From Screen Actress to Princess

Princess Ola Humphrey Hassan Broadwood, widow of Prince Hassan, of Cairo, Egypt, and now wife of Captain Broadwood of the British Army, has at last been located, and is being sued for a part of her inheritance of $2,500,000, left her by dusky royalty.

The Princess, you will remember, created a sensation some years ago, when, as plain Ola Humphrey, Universal actress, she met Prince Hassan and married him, becoming his chief wife and going to Egypt to live.

You've all been wanting a look at *Marjorie Daw's* new husband—here he is. His name, incidentally, is *Eddie Sutherland*. WOODBURY

The Prince died in a short time, leaving her the above amount of money. Some legal difficulties arose, and she employed an attorney, promising him a big share of her inheritance if he would win it for her from contending relatives of the Prince's. He did. Then, somehow, the Princess dropped from sight, without, the attorney, Herman L. Roth, alleges, making good on her promise to pay him, though she received the money.

The case is being carried on in the courts of Los Angeles County, where the Princess has been found.

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And Marie Will Be Mrs. Kenneth Harlan

It is all over now but the shouting, and so it looks as though Marie Prevost will shortly be free from her husband, H. C. Gerke, and able legally to become Mrs. Kenneth Harlan.

Miss Prevost and Mr. Harlan have been in love with each other during the past several months, Miss Prevost having been separated from her spouse finally on May 28th of last year.

The fact that she was married at all was a great surprise to Miss Prevost's friends, as she had refused to let it be known for fear it might injure her picture career. The romance between Marie and Gerke was one of those sudden war romances, the star marrying him just before he went to war.

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Bebe Daniels Returns to California

Bebe Daniels has come home to Los Angeles, after her year in New York. She isn't to play in "The Call of the Canyon," after all. Miss Daniels asked so sweetly to be excused from playing the role, that the Lasky people let her off.

"There's nothing down there in Arizona except a bunch of long-horned steers," she explained, "and that would be too great a shock after New York."

Estelle Taylor has taken the part, and the Lasky people are still looking for a suitable story for Bebe.

It now develops that Miss Daniels came very near dying during her appendicitis operation, which she underwent in New York.

"I now know how it feels to die," she explained, "and it doesn't hurt a bit! I just went sinking, sinking—that's all. They brought me back by means of injections in my veins—the last resort, I understand."

Oh, yes, there is somebody whom Bebe likes immensely, back there in New York, but she isn't ready to announce an engagement yet.

"I don't want to say anything until I'm sure," said Bebe. "You see, I shan't be married for a year or two, anyway—if at all."

Between Life and Death

The sixth gripping instalment of *"The Virginian,"* in which *Steve* pays the great penalty for his misdeeds. Fictionized from the *Preferred Pictures'* screen version of *Owen Wister's* novel and *Kirke LaShelle's* play

By Charles Warnerby

The action thus far:

A new school ma'am is on her way to Medicine Bow. The Virginian and his cowpuncher friend, Steve, round up their steers and go to town to meet her. They arrive at the river as the stage in which she is traveling begins to ford the stream. Old Bill, the driver, is drunk and the stage is careening dangerously. They ride into the river and take her from the stalled stage. Her name, the Virginian learns, is Mollie Woods.

Following the rescue of the new school ma'am from the river by the Virginian, a dance is given at Judge Henry's house in her honor. The neighbors for miles around attend and matters are enlivened by the Virginian and Steve mixing up the babies. When Mollie Woods learns this, she denounces the Virginian. For answer, he calmly tells her that he loves her and that he is going to make her love him.

On his ride back to the ranch, the Virginian sees a horseman in the distance whom he recognizes as Trampas, a "bad egg" among the cowpunchers. Upon a closer approach to the point for which the latter was headed, the Virginian discovers a man in the act of branding a steer. The man proves to be Steve, his friend.

Finally the Virginian warns him that if he will cease knowing Trampas, the matter will be dropped. Steve agrees. But two days later the ranch is startled by the sudden departure of Steve and Trampas for parts unknown. The Virginian seeks Judge Henry.

Judge Henry tells the Virginian that the rustling must be stopped and, a few days later, when more cattle are missing, the latter marshals a posse of men and starts for the mountains. That night they surround the rustlers, but in the start of the fight, the Virginian is dropped by a bullet from Trampas' gun.

A WILD shout followed Shorty's announcement that the Virginian had been killed, and the next instant the cowpunchers were rushing down over the rocks toward the fire around which the rustlers had been seated.

Spiteful flashes of pistol fire pierced the darkness, with everywhere the heavy, thunderous roar of the Colt .45's. Several of the cowpunchers went down under the fusilade, while here and there a groan in the darkness attested to where a rustler lay wounded and helpless. And, as suddenly as the fight began, it ceased, with the rustlers crowding forward to the fire again, their hands upraised in token of surrender. Among them, whitefaced but defiant, stood Steve, the Virginian's friend.

"It sure is a shame we didn't croak yer all," remarked Shorty, as he told two of the men to bring in the Virginian, whose dead form, in Shorty's belief, was lying just beyond the pale of fire.

Steve, to whom this remark was largely addressed, said nothing, but continued to watch the movements of the punchers with eyes of sullen hate. Trampas, the leader of the band, was missing, nor was there any among the punchers save the Virginian who had recognized him among those about the fire.

Steve noted the absence of Trampas with a certain sort of satisfaction. They had "got" him, yes, to be sure, but Trampas had been too foxy a guy for that; too foxy altogether. And now, as for what happened to him . . . he did not care.

He closed his eyes and she felt his hand encircling her own.

The two punchers detailed to bring in the inanimate form of the Virginian appeared with their burden within the circle of firelight and laid him gently upon the ground. It was then that Shorty made the discovery that the Virginian was still breathing.

"He's been hit in the chest, boys!" Shorty announced, after a swift examination of his chief's wound. "But it's low and it ain't touched the lungs none, I don't think."

A flask, produced from somewhere, was applied to the tall Southerner's lips, and a minute later he opened his eyes vaguely and looked up at those about him. A low murmur of satisfaction rose from the hushed and watching cowpunchers. The Virginian was a favorite with all of them, and there wasn't one, rough-hewn as they were, who wouldn't have viewed his passing with real grief.

The grimmer and more serious business came first, however, of dealing summarily with the rustlers, and toward this end a rope was promptly produced and the gruesome task of exacting the great penalty was begun. One after another of the rustlers shared the fate of the first at the hands of the punchers, who dispatched justice with crude and ruthless speed. Steve was among the last to go, and, as his name was called, he stepped to the side of the Virginian, who lay where he had been set down.

STEVE stood by his wounded friend's side silently a moment, uncertain, it was apparent, what to do. And as he stood there, the Virginian opened his eyes. The two men looked at one another for an interval, while into the Virginian's eyes came a light of understanding of the issue that his old friend faced. They were seeing each other for the last time—alive. Suddenly, Steve knelt by the wounded Southerner's side and took one of the Virginian's hands in his own.

"Good-bye, pard," he breathed huskily.

The Virginian's deep, dark eyes read the sudden, mute misery in the other's face, and a mist filmed their surfaces. Tears, like fast falling rain, were streaming down Steve's face, as he clasped his old friend's hand and prepared to pay the penalty for his misdeeds.

"I'm sorry, Steve," the Virginian whispered weakly.

The young rustler squared his shoulders manfully and wiped the moisture from his cheeks.

"It's all right, pard," he answered. "I'm just a bad egg, that's all."

And then, as the call for his name sounded, he rose to his feet with a final squeeze of the Virginian's hand and followed his captors into the night, where the gallows tree, with the dangling cord of death, waited in the shadows.

Following the summary execution of the rustlers, the punchers improvised a rude stretcher for the Virginian and carried him back to where their horses were tethered at the edge of the open country. It was a long and exhausting night ride to Judge Henry's ranch, but the cavalcade of cowboys, bearing their wounded chief, at last made it and deposited the Virginian in a spare room at the ranch. Here, according to Judge Henry, he would remain until time and the helpful ministrations of the "women folks" would bring him back to health again.

THE bullet from Trampas' gun which had come so near to ending the Virginian's career was found upon examination to have passed clear through his body without damaging, to any particular extent, the vital organs. Extreme weakness, however, attended the great loss of blood which the Virginian had suffered and that had rendered him unconscious at the time of the shooting.

The word that the tall Southern foreman of Judge Henry's ranch had been wounded and was lying between life and death was swift in reaching Mollie Woods in Medicine Bow, and resulted in

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The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

(*Continued from page* 11)

my mother would meet me at the train. He added that mother had been told that I had had an attack of influenza and was rather weak and nervous.

The doctor in the next town would say nothing, he said. Nor the nurse. And Celeste was the only other person who knew anything at all. He would attend to her, he said. At that time, I thought that he could. Even with my experience I hadn't penetrated to the whole depths of which debased human nature is capable.

I had one more horrid moment before I left. It was with Celeste. She told me that I had got her out of a job. She called me the worst little fool she had ever met in her born days and she had met a great many. Here I had a chance, she said, "of a lifetime." Mr. Y——— would have installed me in a grand apartment, would have got me into the movies, "not as an extra, but right," would have made life easy and pleasant for my mother, but instead of that I turn my back on this gorgeous opportunity and deliberately invite misery for all concerned. I told Celeste that my life was my own business and that hereafter I proposed to conduct it without interference from *anybody*. She gave me a nasty look and said threateningly that I'd live to "regret this day yet," if she had anything to say about it! I'd hear from her again, she added.

So I did. *So I did.*

On the following Monday I met mother at the station and we were on our way.

Mr. Y——— was there to see us off. He insisted upon providing us with a stateroom and as I got on the train he handed me a little package. "Please!" he whispered. I glanced at mother and saw that she was smiling and unsuspecting. She thought that he was a kind and gracious friend. A benefactor. I looked at Mr. Y——— again. There was a veritable prayer in his eyes. He was saying good-bye to me. He was saying, too, good-bye to everything. I knew that, then. I had an impulse. I took the package and as I did so I leaned over and kissed him on his mouth . . . I have never regretted it.

The train snorted and pulled out. Mother and I were on our way to New York at last!

I HAVE taken a great many trips since that first real trip I took from ———— to New York. I have taken trips from Continent to Continent, with reporters rapping at my stateroom window and interviewers leaping aboard at every stop, and brass bands to meet me, and the Lord Mayors of the towns, and flowers and confetti and an "entourage" second only to that of royalty. But no journey I have ever taken or shall ever take will stand out in my memory as that one did. For on that trip I found my mother and my best friend, in one.

Our relationship had been a curious one, mother's and mine. I have told you about it when I was a baby and a little girl, but all the telling will not accurately describe the sort of slow growth that it was. Most girls find their mothers ready-made, as it were. My mother and I grew into each other.

That first night, in our stateroom, we had the talk that made us intimates in the deepest sense of the word, for all time to come. We found one another. We stood revealed.

Mother had changed so! And, of course, I had, too. We were two women about to face the world alone, with records of pain behind us. As such, we could have no secrets the one from the other.

I told mother everything!

As I have said, I had not intended to. Far from it. I had thought that I would keep the nightmare of the past months hidden forever, deeply and darkly, in my heart. The last person in the world who should know of it would be my mother. But as we began to talk I felt differently.

It was really because mother had changed so. It was really because I knew that she would understand and that she ought to know all about me as, after she talked, I felt that I knew all about her. We felt brave, mother and I. We felt courageous. We felt calm. We owed one another the hard and unflinching truth.

You see, it was this way. For the first time in her life, mother had had time and occasion to think. She had been able to get a sort of a perspective on me, on herself, on life. The doctors and nurses and people she had met in the sanitarium had talked quite a lot with her. Her opinions had formulated. I think it is so often that way. If we go away for a long while from people we are very close to, we begin to see them differently, and clearly. The confusing haze that close proximity gives clears away and we get proper proportions and the proper way of handling them. Mother got that for me.

She began to ask me questions about Mr. Y———, and finally I told her the whole story, without glossing it over, from beginning to end.

It was mother's test—and she met it like a soldier. It was bitter hearing for a mother, of course, but as I have said, mother and I were rather two women now, than merely mother and daughter. We felt that we knew this thing called Life.

***Jackie Conlon*, of the *Our Gang* comedies, plays in "*Anthony and Cleopatra*"—you can guess which one of them *Jackie* is.**

I explained to her that I believed folks do things very often from the same somehow stringent lack of sure intent. It isn't definite love nor definite hate nor definite motive of any kind that precipitates the climaxes of existence. It is just *because*. "Just because" is supposed to be a "woman's reason." Maybe it is, but it is a sound one.

Mother cried a little, of course, and held me very close as though to shield me from all of the Mr. Y———s and Mrs. ———s in the world. And she told me that she was sure Celeste was a wicked, bad woman, and that Mrs. Y——— was the least to blame, in a sense, for at the time she had been crazy. She also understood and believed when I told her that I had nothing further to fear from Mr. Y———. She said that she could see there was only kindliness in his eyes, that day at the train, and a great tragedy.

"Few men know how to love," said suddenly-wise little mother. "Women have to teach them," she added, "and women have to be wise and grown-up before they can."

Then we planned what we would do when we got to town. I told mother that I had come to the conclusion that you either had to be backed to succeed on the screen, or you had to be possessed of some flaming ability, some heaven-born superthing called genius, which wins recognition just by *being*, or you had to begin at the beginningest beginning and plod and plod and plod. I said that I knew that I belonged in the last category. And that I was willing to plod and plod. And that I still believed that I would "get there."

I said that I had had all of my experience beforehand, and that, to an artist, experience was supposed to be invaluable. Most girls learn second-hand, as it were. They learn in books, or they learn as they go along, or they are excellent imitators, of their directors, when it happens to be the Screen. But I had had my experiences at first hand, from life. At first hand, without the softening touches of kid gloves. Poverty . . . loneliness . . . death . . . shame . . . fear . . . bodily suffering . . . all of these had come to me. Even love had touched me for the nonce. I mean Clemence.

I couldn't, at that time, express myself very graphically, but what I tried to say was that with these as weapons, these agonies of loneliness and poverty and pain, I would fight my way upward. I would use them as unrusted swords. They would be so many guardians of my virtue. They would be red torches lighting my way.

No one met us when we reached New York, of course. We didn't know one solitary soul. Mother had a sort of a second cousin who had married before I was born and had gone to New York to live, but all mother had was her name and as that was a very common name and as she wouldn't be apt, mother said, to have a registered address or 'phone number, we were not likely to get into touch with her.

We were about as green as the well-known greenhorns. We didn't know where to turn. Mother said that we had better stay at a big hotel for the night and maybe someone there would direct us where to go for more permanent accommodations.

We really had fun that first night. It was good that we did. We had need of it to fall back on in later days.

We went to the big hotel right across the street from the station. Neither mother nor I had ever been in such a place. Its size, its magnificence, its glitter, the number of people, all moving, all shifting, like colors in a kaleidoscope, intoxicated us. We felt heady. I laughed out loud. It just struck me that way.

WE HAD a room almost as big as the first floor of our house back in ————. And we had a bath, too. Tiled and shiny. It reminded me a little of the baths in Mr. Y———'s house, but I managed to put that from me.

I had had two frocks made while I was at Mr. Y———'s, and mother had made herself a black taffeta in the sanitarium. We fixed ourselves up and went down to dinner. "It costs a fearful lot," mother said, furrowing her brow over the menu. But I said, "Oh, well, we deserve some fun after all we've been through! Let's not mind—just for tonight!" So we ordered oysters and soup and squabs and pastries and all of the things we loved the most.

Somehow, on that first night, the city gave me a sense of power. Or I thought it did. What it really gave me was a sense of intoxication. I felt lifted up, excited. It didn't seem possible, among these silken-clad women and fit-looking men and obsequious service and flowers and music, that anything could happen, that anything could go wrong. Success was in the air we breathed. It was a city of Successes!

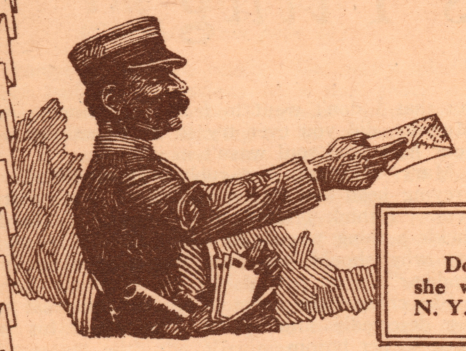
We only saw that side of it that night!

After dinner we went to the movies, and we were thrilled at the magnificence of the movie theatre and the scale de luxe on which the thing was beginning to be done.

We slept well that night, and in the morning we had a delicious breakfast and then set forth to "see New York."

We had decided that it would be advisable to familiarize ourselves with the city so that we wouldn't act ignorant when I should begin to work. We nearly killed ourselves that day taking in everything we had ever heard of since we were born. Mother had been in New York before, on her honeymoon, but they didn't do much sightseeing and the only theatre they went to was Keith's Vaudeville. This first day we went to the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Natural History, the Zoo, and wandered in and out of Central Park. We rode on top of a 'bus and lunched in a tea-room filled with fragrant, chattering women. We saw Grant's Tomb and I was thrilled to death when we rode on the Subway. Mother and I both felt encouraged because so

(*Continued on page* 28)



Fan Calls for Richard Dix In Her Sleep

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

PRINCESS PAT—So you're all upset because you just discovered Ricardo Cortez? If you get upset so easily, I'd hate to take you out in a canoe. Ricardo is about twenty-five; he is Spanish and unmarried. Write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. His picture was published in the center of Movie Weekly for May 26, 1923. You can get an issue for ten cents by writing us for it.

A MOVIE DUMBELL—Well, then, I suppose you're used to a gymnasium, where there is lots of room, and that's why you ask so many more questions than I have room to answer. Probably the reason you didn't get an answer to the letter you wrote Mary Pickford is that Mary gets hundreds of letters a week and if she tried to answer them, she'd never have time to make any pictures. Lowell Sherman has been playing on the stage for several seasons. He is now appearing in "Casanova" at the Empire Theatre, Broadway and 40th St., New York, where you can write him for his picture.

MYSTRY—I don't know where Reginald Denny was born—but I'm quite sure he *was* born. His address is Universal City, Cal. He says he doesn't massage his face; certainly he's in a position to know.

MINNETTE — Mildred Davis will return to the screen, I suspect, although she did intend to retire. I haven't space here for entire casts, but the leading roles in "Way Down East" were played by Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Lowell Sherman, Mary Hay and Creighton Hale. The only issue of Movie Weekly which published a full page picture of Rudolph in the center is now out of print. His picture was on the cover and there were numerous smaller pictures of him in the issue that he himself edited—August 11, 1923.

JENNIE—Just full of questions, are you? Well, it's better to be full of questions than a lot of things I know of. Jack Mulhall is about thirty-five; his wife's name is Evelyn Winans. Richard Dix is twenty-nine and has brown hair and eyes.

PUPPY LOVE—Better puppy than catty, anyway. Corliss Palmer's address is Brewster Publications, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn. Jack Hoxie's address is Universal City, Cal.

DODO—I thought dodos were all extinct. I am the same Colonel who started out on Movie Weekly, but we changed the signature because the other one was so large. It took up too much room. Richard Barthelmess will send you his picture free if you write him at Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Ramon Novarro's address is 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood; he is not married. Antonio Moreno was married last spring to Daisy Danziger. Write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

BASHFUL—No, I won't accuse you of wanting to know too much; I always was inquisitive myself. Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight and weighs 130. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. She was born in Pittsburgh, but I don't know when.

"You can't undress me without a struggle," says *Baby Peggy* to her nurse in *"Editha's Burglar."*

SEVENTEEN—Yes, Noah and Wallace Beery are brothers. Lillian Rich doesn't give her age. Shirley Mason's latest picture is "The Eleventh Hour." Write to Eleanor Boardman at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. She is about eighteen.

BETTY JO—So you're a little timid about writing to me? Well, perhaps you're right—I might jump right out of the pages of the magazine and bite you. Kenneth Harlan lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles. T. Roy Barnes lives at 1803 Argyle Ave., Los Angeles, and Forrest Stanley at 207 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles. Theodore Kosloff can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

PHEBE—I'll bet your last name is Green—to match your stationery. No, Jack Pickford and Louise Huff were never married. Louise is Mrs. Edward A. Stillman. Thomas Meighan's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and so is Pola Negri's. Cullen Landis lives at 5916 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Monte Blue's address is Warner Brothers, 1600 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, and John Bowers, Metro, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

LONESOME GAL — So you want me to send you my picture so that you can see if I am as nice as you think I am? Well, suppose I sent you the picture and you decided I wasn't as nice as you thought? You can see what a risk I'd be taking. Anyway, I haven't any pictures. Yes, Malcolm MacGregor is married—and here you've gone and fallen in love with him. He is twenty-six. His latest pictures are "The Untamable," "The Social Code" and "King Tut." Marie Prevost is separated from her husband, H. O. Gerke. Allan Forrest is the husband of Lottie Pickford.

G. D. BATEMAN—So you think I am full of fun? Well, I'm full of prunes, at least. Miss Dupont originally played on the screen under the name of Margaret Armstrong. Her real name is Pattie Herrick; her address is 4937 Maplewood, Los Angeles. No, Priscilla Dean didn't change her name—not even when she married Wheeler Oakman.

ARLITE—Sorry I can't tell you the name of the picture you describe. I didn't happen to see it, and Frank Mayo and his wife played in so many pictures together that I can't guess which of them was the one you described.

W. W. F. F.—You sound like a broadcasting station. So you missed the Colonel page in the issue in which it did not appear? Well, an emergency arose and they left it out—but it won't happen often.

QUICKSILVER — So your friend calls for Richard Dix in her sleep? That's a dreadful state of mind to be in, isn't it? Perhaps they call Maurice Flynn "Lefty" because of his strong left arm.

BOBBIE—Can I imagine Cleopatra's lips? No, did she wear them? Rudolph is traveling in Europe now, but perhaps you can get a picture of him by writing to his secretary at his old address, 50 W. 67th St., New York.

A DEVOTED ADMIRER OF DOROTHY DALTON—I couldn't sign your name with all those initials you gave me; it would look like the whole alphabet. Dorothy Dalton's latest picture is "Leah Kleschna," which hasn't yet been released. Her address is c/o Famous Players', 485 Fifth Ave., New York. She is twenty-nine. Jack Holt is about thirty-five. Yes, it is quite true that most screen stars are well over twenty. You see, it usually takes years and years of hard work before an actor can achieve fame. Cullen Landis is about twenty-five. Gladys Walton is only about twenty.

JUANITA—Who is claimed to be the prettiest woman on the screen? It depends on who claims it! Katherine MacDonald has often been called so, but it's entirely a matter of opinion. Ramon Novarro is twenty-four. Gloria Swanson's latest picture is the famous "Zaza." Yes, Rudolph's wife went to Europe with him. You couldn't expect him to go on his honeymoon alone, now, could you?

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

Youth Must Have Its Fling

(Continued from page 21)

exception of himself)—particularly Mike, who was married to Lizzie, and, therefore, "happy enough."

"Well——" Mary hesitated. She didn't want to discourage Mike's glowing enthusiasm, but at the same time she did want to make herself clear, for once and all. "Well, of course, that's a matter for yourself and Lizzie to decide, but as far as Pat and I go——"

Pat came to her rescue, as always. He dispatched his ultimatum with a stroke superb in finesse.

"As far as we're concerned, Mike, you can't count us in on this. Maybe we're old-fashioned—maybe we're even foolish about this proposition of yours—but I can't see myself giving up a job that's steady to gamble in a business deal. My salary isn't what you could call big, but it's enough to feed and clothe the three of us——"

"The four of us," Mary put in.

"——the four of us, to be sure—and that's all we need. We manage to save a bit now and then, too, toward Terry's education. That's as important as being clothed and fed, you know."

"You bet I know it is," agreed Mike eagerly. "That's another reason why I'm so anxious to make money, I want to give Tommy a good start in life."

PAT nodded appreciatively. "Yes — a good start for our boys, Mike. Something we didn't have. But you go ahead with your scheme, old boy. And maybe you'll make a lot of money, and maybe you won't. But I'll stick to me job, and maybe some day I'll be Postmaster General."

Mike shrugged his huge shoulders good-naturedly and reached for his hat.

"Well, then, that's final, I suppose. You know best, Pat. Every man's best able to look after his own affairs—eh?" He lumbered to his feet. "But if you should happen to change your mind—I'll always be ready, Pat——"

Pat pulled Mike's ear affectionately.

"I know you'll always be ready, Mike," he said, a hint of huskiness in his voice.

"Come over soon with Lizzie, and take a look at our little colleen," Mary said.

"You bet we'll do that. And she'll be a fine little playmate for the boys, won't she? Well, good night, Mary."

"Good night," Mary called out, as the door was closing. "Don't forget your rubbers and umbrella on the porch!"

"Nope!" came Mike's voice, from behind the closed door. "I've got 'em." And then, an instant later, "Good night! See you in the morning, Pat!"

Pat resumed his place in his favorite rocking-chair, while Mary picked up a pair of Terrence's hose, considerably the worse in the locality of the knee for a fall he had taken in the yard the day before.

She viewed the hole ruefully.

"That boy——" she murmured fondly.

Pat, in the act of lighting his pipe, slapped his knee so suddenly that Mary started in surprise.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "What is it now that you'd forgotten and suddenly remembered?"

"You might well ask," said Pat, "for I almost forgot poor Mrs. Brady's letter from her son." He arose to procure some stationery. "There's another one due her tomorrow, but the excitement over the ba—over Peggy, and Mike's talk this evening, almost made me——"

Mary eyed her husband thoughtfully for a moment or two.

"Pat," she said hesitantly, "are you sorry—I mean, would you really want to join Mike in his mail order scheme? Because if you do, I shouldn't want to be the one——"

Pat paused in the act of opening the table drawer in quest of paper and pencil, to smile at Mary reassuringly. "No, Mary, darling," he said. "I haven't the smallest desire to join Mike—and y' needn't fret that I have. What I told him this evening still holds good. We're happy as we are, Mary—with me workin' for Uncle Sam and all—and happy we'll remain—the four of us—and God willin'."

And Mary smiled happily.

If you want to see "the *Southwest's* most perfect figure," take a look at *Dorothy Dial*, of *Dallas, Texas*. She will soon appear in *"Flaming Youth."*

"IF a positive angle indicates revolution from the position OX towards OY, a negative angle may be taken as indicating revolution from the position OX——"

Terrence O'Brien shut his trigonometry book with a loud "Pom!" and thrust it from him as far as his arm could reach across the kitchen table.

He shoved his hands in his pockets and slumped down in the chair, his long limbs stretching out stiffly.

"Gosh, that stuff makes me sick!" he exclaimed. Then mimickingly, "'If a positive angle indicates——'"

His mother looked around from the stove, where she was cutting an onion into stew, and shook her head reprovingly.

"I'm surprised at you, Terry! You shouldn't say such things when you know how anxious your father is that you should pass your examinations this month so you can enter college in September."

Terrence crossed and uncrossed his legs, and glowered at the offending volume.

"You don't understand, Mummy," he said. "It's not that I don't want to *learn*—it's simply—well. Mummy, did you ever try to do something when your heart and soul wasn't in it?"

Mary, removing her rubber gloves, shook her greying head and smiled with a touch of wistfulness. "I think I have, son. I know it's hard to tackle a thing when you feel that way about it—but why should you feel that way about your studies?"

She crossed the room to where Terry sat staring dejectedly into space. She drew his head close to her bosom.

"Eh, dear?" she repeated. "Why should you feel that way about your studies?"

Terrence shrugged, but did not reply.

"Big baby!" his mother murmured. "Aren't you ashamed? Don't let mother think that her son won't fight a problem in mathematics! For shame, Terry." She stooped and kissed his tousled hair. "Aren't you anxious to graduate this month—so you can make Dad happy by seeing you a freshman at college? Look at Tommy O'Hara. He's older than you, it's true, but he's through with college already, and preparing to enter his father's business."

Terry flushed.

"THAT'S not the point, mother," he said. "It isn't that I'm not anxious to go to college. That's not it——" He bit his lip and hesitated. He didn't want to hurt his mother, but once and for all, he wanted her to know how he felt about this entering college in the Fall.

"But Terry, dear, that's what father and I have been saving for all these years. It's always been his wish—and mine—that you—that our boy should be given every opportunity for the right education——"

"I know—I know——" the boy broke in. He reached up and took his mother's hand between his. "And that's just the point: All your lives, you and Dad have scrimped and saved every cent you could, just so I might go on studying after I finished High School. You've made sacrifices—all kinds—and you've denied yourselves everything just on that account. I know all that, not only from what I've seen and heard right in the house ever since I was a tot, but Mr. O'Hara's told me all about it, too."

"What was it Mike told you, Terry?"

"Well—well——" Terrence released his mother's hand, and fell to pulling threads from the fringe of the patched and worn table-cover, while Mary waited patiently for him to speak. "Well," he began at last, "last week, one night, when I was over there for dinner, he told me how Dad had even refused to go into the mail order business with him seventeen years ago because he was afraid of speculating with his small capital—afraid that if the venture failed, he'd be strung high and dry, with no money to fall back on to give Peggy and me the things—he wanted to give us. He also told me that you were just as set against the plan as Dad. You felt Dad'd be risking too much—that there was too much at stake—too much—oh, hang it, Mummy, dear! You know what I'm driving at!"

(Continued on page 30)

The Virginian

(*Continued from page* 23)

her prompt visit to the ranch. The pretty school teacher had been conscious of a dull shock of alarm at the word of the Virginian's injury and she found herself wondering at her anxious concern. It seemed more, she realized, than the concern over a mere friend's condition. And she wondered, too, just what it could presage.

As soon as the word reached her of his return to the ranch, Mollie climbed aboard the stage that left Medicine Bow and made the trip to the ranch with all the despatch which that rickety vehicle could muster. No accident occurred such as that which marked her advent to the country and her first meeting with the Virginian.

She arrived early in a day on which there was no school and, after some anxious inquiries, was taken into the room where the Virginian lay. She found him sleeping in bed, his head bound in a bandage, and a strange new pallor upon his fine, bronzed face.

Silently she seated herself by his bedside, waiting for him to waken and find her there. It was sweet to sit thus, watching him, she thought, as the minutes passed and a definite sense of relief welled within her at the sight of his deep, regular, untroubled breathing. His skin, too, was cool to the touch, which told her that there was no presence of temperature—the red flag of disease.

She gently took one of his long, muscular hands in her own and held it tenderly. How dark, she thought, the day would have been for her if the bullet which mercifully left its victim alive had chosen another and fatal course.

The Virginian stirred gently and opened his eyes. They were clear with understanding as they looked into hers and his fingers gently returned the pressure of her own. Blushing, she softly withdrew her hand.

"Please——!" he murmured and, helplessly, she reached forward again and gravely took the long, muscular fingers in her own again. It was a sweet gesture of loving surrender and the Virginian closed his eyes happily.

"Do you know," she asked him finally, as a woman would, "who it was that shot you?"

The Virginian nodded silently.

"Do the others know?" she asked eagerly, anxious that the perpetrator might be properly punished.

The Virginian shook his head.

"No," he said quietly, "no one knows . . . no one—but me."

HE CLOSED his eyes and she felt his hand encircling her own. His lips parted in a whisper and instinctively she leaned nearer.

"Mollie," he murmured.

How she ever did it, she never knew, but suddenly, with his lips parted murmuring her name for the first time, she realized that she loved him—that she would always love him and wanted him to love her; and, impulsively, she bent and kissed him.

Color flooded back into the face of the Virginian and he smiled a little—happily.

"Thank you, ma'am," he whispered, with a touch of his old-time Southern courtesy.

Long they sat together while the Virginian told her quietly of his wounding in the camp of the rustlers.

"But who was it?" Mollie asked anxiously, searching his eyes with her own.

The Virginian smiled.

"Promise you won't tell?" he inquired seriously.

She nodded earnestly, waiting for him to speak.

"Well, then——" he said softly, "it was Trampas."

"Oh!" was all she could cry, for he had told her of his old enmity with the man and of the latter's sinister, and now fatal, influence over Steve.

He nodded silently.

"But what are you going to do?" she asked him fearfully, a bitter rage welling within toward the creature who had sought to destroy the man she loved.

The Virginian considered a moment, then his lips moved quietly.

"I'm going to kill Trampas," he murmured.

(*Continued next week*)

BEAUTY

A Blending of Science with Art

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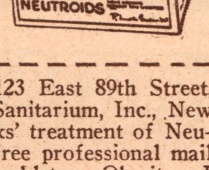

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The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

(*Continued from page 24*)

many people stared at me. Late in the afternoon we walked down Fifth Avenue and "window-shopped." We gaped at gorgeous capes of mink and sable, at gowns that were a soulful glitter of chiffon and rare lace, at slippers extraordinary and hats the like of which I had never seen before. "Oh, mama," I cried, a child again, gazing now at the Most Desirable Toys, "mama, some day soon, we won't be just *looking* at these things, we'll be *buying* them!"

I planned that I would get mother a black velvet gown with pearls to wear with my first salary. Black velvet with pearls was my idea of elegance. Poor mother, she had quite a while to wait for her habiliments of splendor!

For myself I picked out every gay and festive frock that attracted me. "I'll have this one!" I'd cry, and then, "And this . . . oh, and that . . . and the darling slippers with the glittery buckles . . . and that feather fan to go like this with . . . and the earrings with the hoops . . . and a silver flower to wear at my waist!"

And mother would laugh and say, "No, honey, I like you better in the yollow! Like a jonquil, you would be . . . with apple green satin slippers like these . . . and a green flower in your hair!"

(But Mr. Y——— had sent me jonquils.)

Somehow the warmth went out of the Spring sun. The flower-vendors selling their little nosegays of close clustered Spring flowers looked, suddenly, tired, haggard old men, unshaven, worn out. The shops were beginning to drop their window blinds of tufted silks, and I was shut out . . . an outsider.

We went back to the hotel, and had another charming meal. In the evening we went again to the movies. It never occurred to us to go anywhere else.

And on the second day we almost repeated the first except that in the afternoon we walked up and down Fifth Avenue and watched all of the best dressed women and girls to see how I compared with them in looks. It was naive of us to believe that I had no rivalry!

That night mother discovered that we had spent nearly one hundred dollars in the two days. This would never do. No more sight-seeing. No more window shopping. Oh, I had bought, I recall it now, one hat, one smart little hat of black with an odd quill, to wear when I should be sent for by a director . . . Poor little hat, it was worn to a dreary grey when it finally met the eyes of a director!

The next day we set forth to find what we could find for a permanent address. It was amazing how expensive everything was! With only a little over three hundred dollars, and a "job" but a glimmering, faintly glimmering expectation, we did not dare to spend more than twenty a week for the pair of us. I might need shoes, I figured rather grimly, and certainly I would need carfare and occasional extras.

WE COULDN'T find anything within our means at all. Some of the shabbier streets frightened me. Somehow I couldn't see myself mounting to fame from the dun-colored front doors.

That night a young clerk at the newsstand engaged me in conversation. He was a nice, bright-faced boy with honest eyes and I told him that we were strangers in New York, that I was looking for a chance in the movies and that we didn't know where to look for accommodations. He told me that we ought to go to some theatrical boarding house. Theatrical boarding houses weren't "swell," he said, and the food was pretty rummy, but one met theatrical people there, and heard of "chances" and "openings," and that openings were "the ticket."

He referred me to one in the West 40's. It was not so bad as some of the others, he said.

It looked pretty bad to mother and to me. It seemed dismally like going back to the rooming-house days. It didn't seem a bit like the New York we had visualized, the New York we had known for the past halcyon two days.

"Never mind," I said, squeezing mother's arm. "It won't be for long!"

"I know it won't!" mother said, and smiled at me. Mother never once lost faith in me during the dark days that followed. Never once. Her belief in me was like a root that could not be removed and it flowered every day in some blossom of faith.

We had a third-floor back room. We had decided that if it had to be done at all, it might as well be *done* and done "thorough." The wall paper was faded to an uneven yellow and there were hideous squares and circles where pictures had come and gone. The bed was brass, discolored, and the carpet was figured in gargoyles impossible to describe. The windows gave on a narrow, depressing strip of yard, which in turn gave on to corresponding strips of yard backing similar houses. Here and there, from the windows, fluttered surreptitious bits of lingerie, hand-laundered and set forth to dry.

The whole house had an odor of fried food and poor folks.

The woman who kept the place looked like a tomb of unhealthy secrets.

The meals were terrible. Soggy mashed potatoes. Tinny coffee. Underdone steak, second cuts, dingy table cloths. Oh, it was worse than the old rooming-house had been!

Our fellow boarders were a motley crew. There was the inevitable "young old woman." This particular specimen was named Mrs. de Launcey. She had a face like an old piece of tissue paper. Her cheek bones were ornamented with great globs of rouge. Her eyes were encircled in black. But her hair! Her hair was red past all preconceived notions of red! It was probably never brushed for fear of removing the dearly purchased curl, and the results were a bit matty and dusty. But it atoned for all such minor defects in the magnificence of its towering stateliness. That tremendous masterpiece of rusted red just dared you to call its owner a liar, when she spoke of the "dear old days with Bernhardt," or "when I was leading lady with Maurice Barrymore." Pitiful creature, she had never been more than a maid in any company at any time. She suffered acutely from delusions of grandeur!

There was also an old man. Old men are fearfully sad. This old man had teary eyes and a teary voice and he wore impossible shepherd plaid suits and a garish diamond ring which he had hung to at cost of heaven knows how much personal deprivation. He also cherished a delusion of grandeur, but it had to do with his future rather than his past. Every morning he sallied jauntily forth in his shiny, pressed suit, his worn, light gloves and his malacca walking stick, his hat a little to one side, a cheap cigar at an angle in his flabby old mouth. And every night just at dusk he came home with ever so slight and unprevent able a droop to his whole bearing. His board-money was a mystery. But our landlady assured us warningly that it was "reg'lar as reg'lar."

There were one or two chorus girls, faded blondes, with developed legs and giggles and gold teeth. There was one nice-looking, quiet girl who said that she was secretary to a theatrical manager, but who afterwards turned out to be one of the best-known writers of fiction in the country, and who was there, of course, solely to gather "copy"—and there was Reggie Nye.

I knew there was trouble here!

(*Continued next week*)

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"I have used your Thermocap Treatment for 8 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years, the results up to the present are very gratifying In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. A. C., Kenmore, O.

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"Kindly allow me to praise and recommend the wonderful Merke Treatment to any one who may be looking for a hair treatment which positively shows quick results. After 5 weeks' treatment a new growth of hair has shown on each side of the temple, where I have been bald for years."—C. B., New York City.

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"Have been using Merke Treatment 20 days and have received great results My hair has been falling out for 4 years and your Treatment has checked it. I had two bald spots on my head where there was not even any fuzz, and there is new hair growing on them now. I wouldn't take $50 for the Merke Treatment. I think it's the best in the world."—J. M., Smackoner, Ark.

No matter how nearly bald you are—no matter how many treatments you've tried without success—let me send you, without the slightest cost or obligation, full information on my new discovery. Let me mail you actual figures, facts and photos which show conclusively what my treatment is and what it does.

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I appreciate that most people are skeptical of claims to grow hair. I don't blame them. I don't say that my treatment will grow hair in *every* case. There are some cases of baldness which nothing in the world will help. But I *do* know that it has already grown hair for thousands. And I *do* know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others—almost instantly.

That's why I'm so confident that it will do all of this for you. Read the letters printed on this page and you'll realize why I am willing to have you try my treatment entirely at my own risk. Then—after 30 days—if you're not more than delighted with results—if you cannot actually see a new growth of hair—then all you need do is to tell me—and without the slightest delay or question I'll mail you a check refunding every cent of your money. *I don't want your money unless I can actually grow hair on your head—and you are the sole judge of whether or not it grows!*

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My method is entirely different from anything known or used before. There is no massaging—no singeing—no "Mange cures"—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable after the very first few treatments.

My treatment proves that a big percentage of baldness even of years' standing is caused—not by dead hair roots—but by dormant hair roots which now can be awakened and made to grow again. Already scores of men and women who suffered for years from falling hair and partial baldness, have acquired a thick healthy growth of hair through this amazing method, which for the first time provides a way of penetrating to the hair roots and furnishing nourishment direct to them.

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We are advertising our new (patents pending) automatic Silver and Gold Fountain pencils. Will write 10,000 or more words without taking pencil off paper. Most marvelous pencil ever invented.

RULES

1. Contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Fountain Pencil Co.
2. Whoever writes legibly the name Fountain Pencil the the greatest number of times with the least number of words overlapping or touching, in the space herewith provided (or any space exactly the same size) will win 1st prize, second highest, 2nd, etc.
3. Pen or pencil may be used. Pretty writing not necessary. Copperplate, shorthand reductionbarred
4. All tying contestants will receive full amount of prize tiedfor
5. Three disinterested Minneapolis people will act as Judges. Contestants agree to accept Judges decision as final and conclusive. Final report of contest, will be mailed to all who "Qualify".
6. Answers mailed up to midnight Nov. 17, 1923 will be accepted. Two more weeks allowed for "Qualifying".

Fountain Pencil Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
I want to win. I wrote Fountain Pencil in above space following number of times.

Your Name .....

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HOW TO WIN! See how many times you can write Fountain Pencil in the blank space provided above (3 1-2 x 1-2 in.). You may write your answer on another sheet exactly same size as space above.

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2nd "	200.00	75.00	15.00
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Agnes Ayres Face Analysis

(*Continued from page* 18)

with satire, and hence humor with her is never a weapon. She has small curiosity, and due to her peculiar combination of traits, she is somewhat self-concerned.

I would believe her to be possessed of a vaguely hostile attitude toward things that are not at once congenial to her. She has a natural feeling for all delicate, fastidious things, and she has the characteristic of definite taste, indicated in her finely formed nose and clear brows. As in the case of her trustfulness, I note a certain original self-consciousness, which she has turned into its opposite—self-assurance.

She seems to me to be the type that is critical of women, but can forgive much in men. She is highly sensitive and does not forget a slight. She is self-reliant and keeps her own counsel. I would deduce that she is possessed of curious little quirks of character that spring from her peculiar independence of nature.

Charlie Chaplin Predicts Revolution in Movieland

(*Continued from page* 5)

replica of a previous pattern, but that runs true to its own story demands.

"I have made a picture differing in its presentation and its ending in 'A Woman of Paris.' If the fans indicate they do not want to see the different picture, it will be a gesture against the production of any films beyond the type of present day films. When I am convinced that this gesture is being made by the great majority of screen patrons, then only will I admit that the impending revolution will be snuffed out before it gets a chance to strike," declared the comedian.

Youth Must Have Its Fling

(*Continued from page* 26)

Mary shook her head.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're driving at!"

She *did* know, and the knowledge of it all made her miserable and unhappy. But she wouldn't admit that she knew it. Why should she? It was bad enough to understand what Terry was trying to say—what this discourse of his was leading up to—without having to admit it openly.

(*Continued next week*)

What Paris Meant to Me

(*Continued from page* 3)

mercialized. They are money-mad. They are become business men and independent women where they were dilettantes and DuBarrys.

"I can't explain it to you any better than by saying that our first night in Paris we went to the opera—the exquisite Place de Opera. As we were coming out, across the Square, there in the Place de l'Opera, was a sign, an electric sign, advertising DENTINE! What sacrilege!

"It is the same everywhere. Skyscrapers where there used to be old mansions. Signs and ads all down the boulevards. Advertisements of 'The American Bar.' Things like that.

"The men have grown taller and more serious. They even look like the American men. The women are different, too. They have stopped playing.

"The night-life is the same, externally, at least. One can still go to the Follies or Maxims and see nude women, the most beautiful in the world. But it seemed to me that it is done now for show, for sight-seers, for exposition.

"To me, Paris has become Americanized. That is one thing the war has done to the darling of the world."

Betty, by the way, may return to Europe to make another picture, but when we talked with her her plans were not quite definite.

If any of you have any interest in matters historical, we suggest that you write to Betty for touches *"intime."*

Do People Talk Behind Your Back?

What do they say? Are their remarks complimentary? Or do they tell each other how embarrassed you seemed at that last party, how ill at ease you always are, how little poise you have?

DID you ever ask yourself: "I wonder what people think of me? I wonder whether I make a good impression—or a bad impression?"

What people think of us, what they tell one another about us, depends upon the impression we ourselves give them. If we give them the impression that we are entirely at ease and self-possessed, they will naturally think that we are always at ease, always well-poised—that we are accustomed to good society, accustomed always to doing the right thing.

But if we are always ill at ease and uncomfortable, always blundering and making apologies, they will think—and rightly—that we are not sure of ourselves, that we are afraid, hesitant, embarrassed because *we do not know.*

There is only one way to have perfect poise—to be comfortable and at ease even in the most highly cultivated circles. That is by knowing absolutely what to do and say on every occasion—knowing without the merest suggestion of a doubt exactly what is expected of you. At dinners, parties, teas, at the dance and the theatre, wherever and with whomever you happen to be, your peace of mind, your popularity and the impression you make upon people depend entirely upon the ease with which you conduct yourself. Embarrassment instantly betrays you.

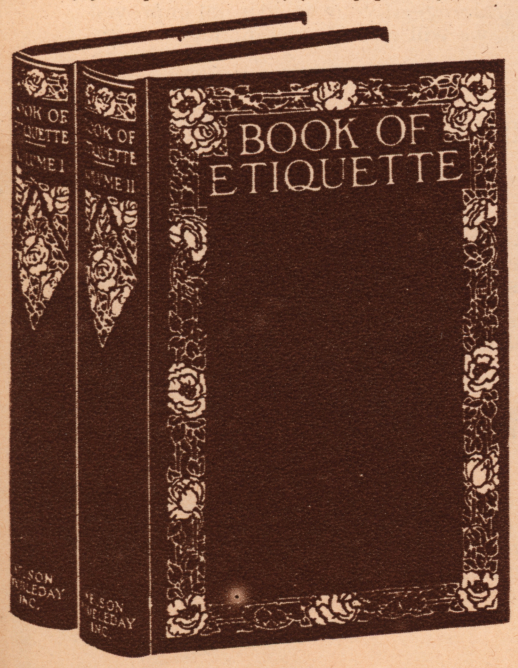
Let us pretend that you just received an invitation. It may be a dinner invitation, or an invitation to a wedding, or a dance, or a party.

Are You Sure of Yourself—Always?

Would you know exactly how to acknowledge that invitation? Would you know the correct thing to wear? If it were a dinner invitation, would you know exactly how to conduct yourself at the table? Would you take olives with your fingers or the fork? How would you take asparagus? May chicken bones be lifted in the fingers?

And when your hostess introduces you to a charming dinner guest, what would you say? How would you create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly? How would you give the impression that you are accustomed to the finest society, that you are absolutely at east, that you know precisely what to do and say on every occasion?

Why suffer the humiliation and embarrassment of little unexpected blunders? One little error at the table and people misjudge you at once, under-estimate you, silently condemn you. Make them marvel at your poise! Make them admire and respect you wherever you happen to be! Let the famous Book of Etiquette be your guide. Let it protect you from the embarrassment of blunders. This famous authority will tell you exactly what to do. say, write and wear on every occasion.



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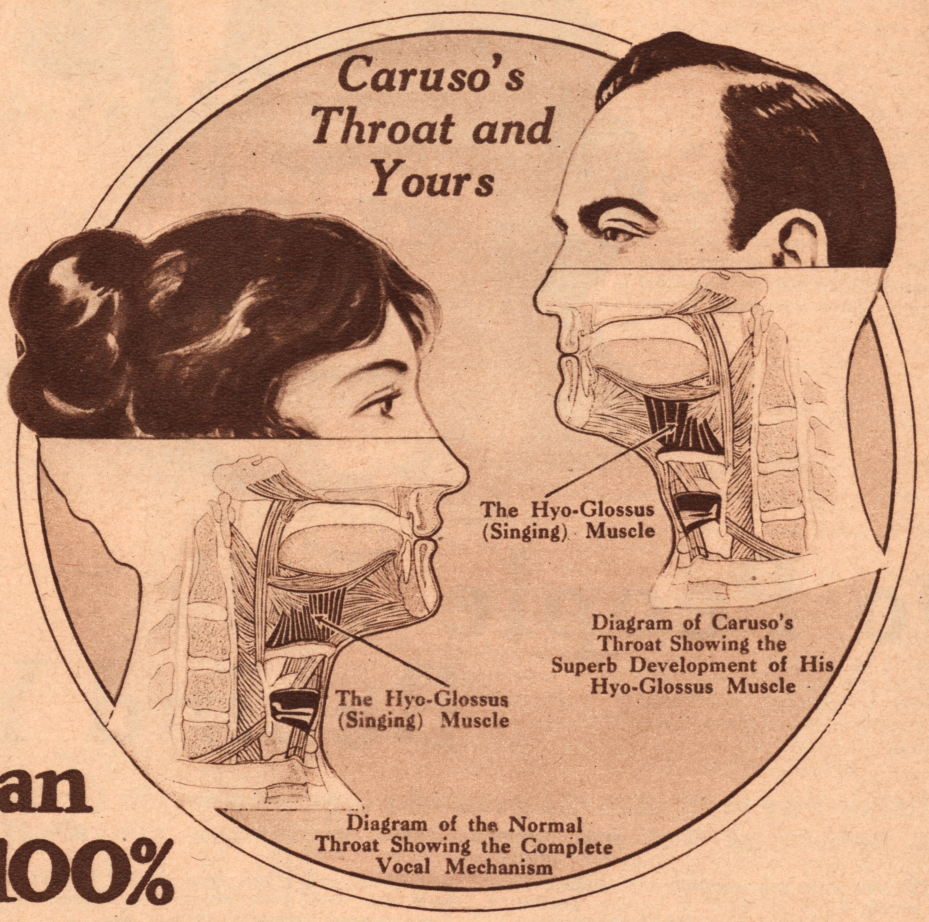
Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

WHY is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better — a weak voice become strong — a lost voice restored — stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.



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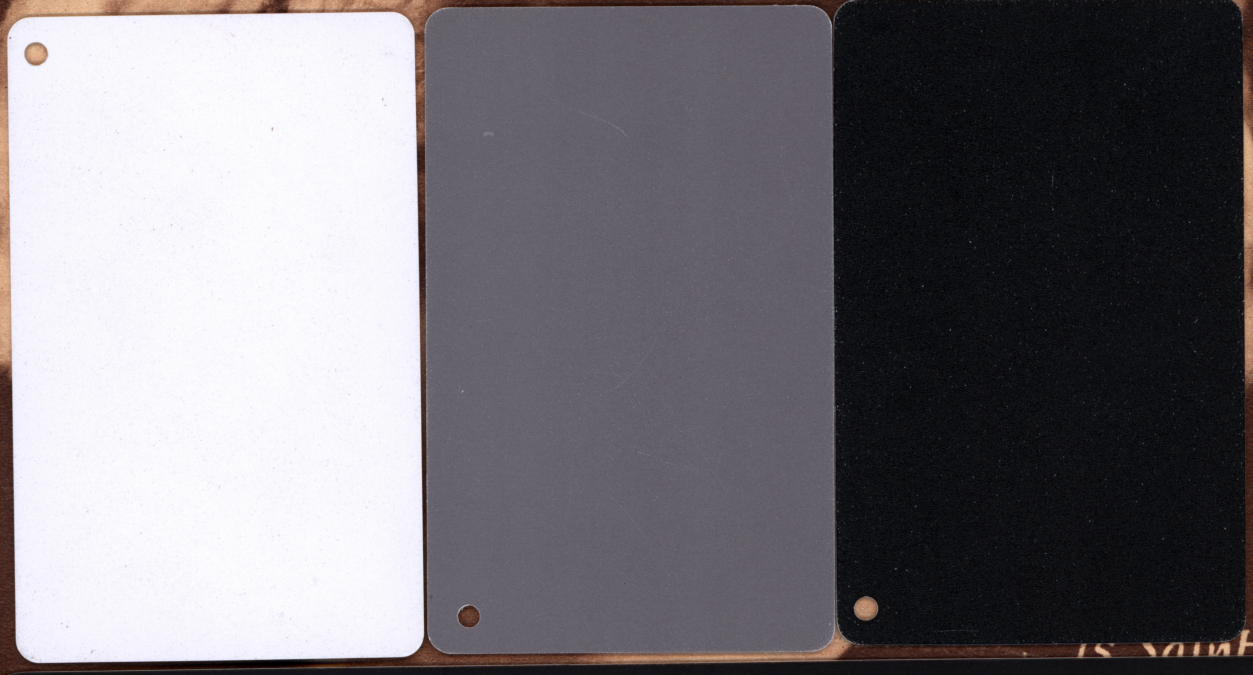
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